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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

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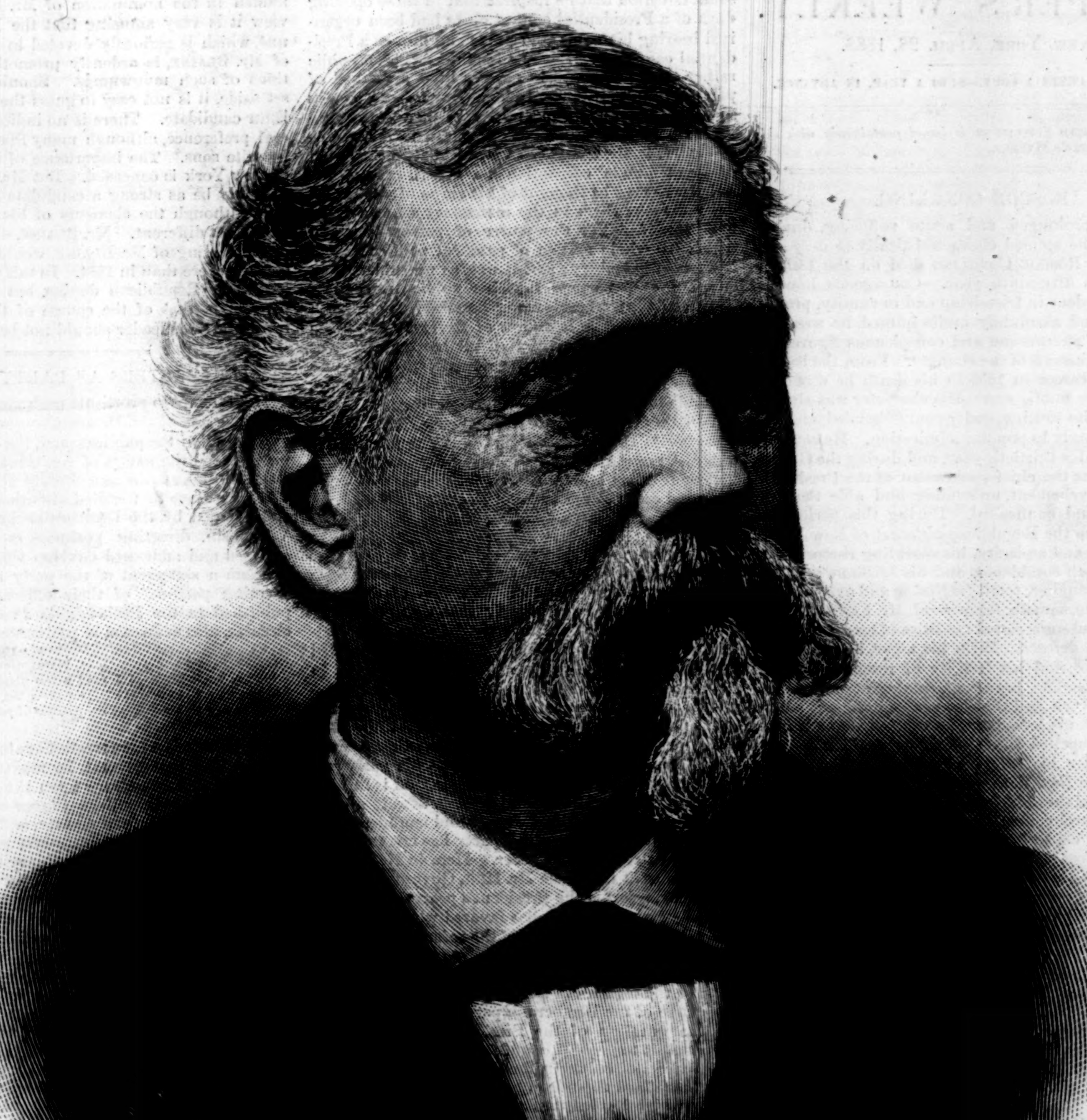
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



SENATOR HAWLEY, OF CONNECTICUT.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

"There is throughout a freshness, wholesomeness, and variety that readily explains the great popularity of Harper's Young People."—*Brooklyn Times.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for April 24 contains the fourth instalment of David Ker's *serial story, "Betrayed by the White Elephant"; the eleventh instalment of "The Household of Glen Holly," by* Lucy C. Lillie; *and the second of* Mr. Page's *two articles on "The Running High Jump."*

"Mr. Fox and Mr. Bear" is the title of an amusing story, for which Mr. Church *has furnished an illustration.*

In the "Young Collector" series, Isabel S. Arnold's *article on "The Herbarium" will be found to be of practical value to the young student of botany, and cannot fail to incite other young readers to take an interest in that fascinating study.*

A portrait of Henry L. Levy, a young American who has distinguished himself in the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, is accompanied by an appreciative article by Barnet Phillips.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, April 28, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

After prolonged and acute suffering, during which he seemed characteristically to defy and fight Death, Roscoe Conkling died on the 18th of April, in his fifty-ninth year. Courageous, honest, tenacious, ardent in friendship and in enmity, proud, imperious, and absolutely undisciplined, he was one of the most picturesque and conspicuous figures in the political annals of the country. From the beginning of his career in 1850 to his death he was constantly in the public eye. His character was simple and of definite outline, easily comprehended, and appealing strongly to popular admiration. He came to Congress in his thirtieth year, and during the Grant epoch he was the chief spokesman of the President, whom the vehement, unbending, and able Senator fascinated and counselled. During this period he easily became the Republican autocrat of New York, his alertness and audacity, his sparkling rhetoric, his undaunted self-confidence, and his brilliant and aggressive personality, totally eclipsing and overwhelming his urbane, smooth, feline rival, Mr. Fenton. Mr. Conkling had some signal qualities of leadership, but equally fatal defects. With his vigor, his unhesitating readiness, and his fertility of resource, he was imperious, irascible, impatient, intolerant; and while his ardor and wit and the charm of an affluent memory held fast his associates, he exacted implicit obedience, and repelled those whom he could not command. Under his sole leadership the Republican "machine" in New York was brought to an efficiency which recalled the old Albany Regency. The Regency was an oligarchy, but the Conkling rule was a despotism. He chose his lieutenants with skill, and always from those who could not aspire to rivalry. His supremacy was absolute, repressing independence and aiming at party dominance by rigorous discipline and the power of patronage, with which personally he was disinclined to meddle, but which was carefully controlled in his interest by his agents.

Upon the general field of politics he maintained with unquestionable ability the great measures of his party, while it cannot be said that he was a constructive legislator or a guide of the public mind and conscience. Indeed, the higher plane of statesmanship he never trod. Among great Republican leaders he does not stand, and he never stood, in the same rank with Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, and Andrew. Mr. Conkling knew well the lower but not the loftier motives of human action. The generous instincts, the noble impulses, the unselfish purposes, which inspire multitudes of men, and which in the long-run control human affairs, he distrusted. Public spirit in its large and comprehensive sense seemed to him a romantic fiction, a delusion, or an arrant hypocrisy. He did not conceive politics that were not personal. He was largely surrounded by sycophants, parasites, and flatterers, and he resented independence as a personal wrong. The word reform exasperated him, and he ridiculed it with the scornful bitterness of Dr. Johnson and Sir Robert Walpole in defining patriotism and describing patriots. From this constitutional defect of perception it resulted—although it may seem a paradox to say it of a prominent and powerful party leader—that he did not understand his own party. The party chafed under his leadership. There were protests, then open opposition in conventions, and at last general insurrection, when, proudly relying upon the perfection of party discipline, he resigned the Senatorship upon a question of patronage, in absolute confidence of prompt and triumphant re-election, and of carrying the mandate of Republican New York to require the submission of the President. He miscalculated and overthrew himself. His course had alienated his party, and the constituencies forbade the representatives to re-elect him.

The sudden end of his political career in the prime of his life and powers is one of the striking romances of politics. So immediate and complete a catastrophe of the kind is without parallel except from some delinquency. To a man so self-absorbed and so sensitive to ridicule the overwhelming disappointment and sharp mortification of the event must have been inconceivable. No man could have suffered more from such a reverse. But no man could have hidden it more completely. The pride which was an imperial robe in the day of triumph, giving to power a princely air, was an all-concealing cloak when the change came. He made no other sign than that of total withdrawal from the sphere of activity in which alone he had lived. From that time until his death he took no part in politics, and evaded every attempt to draw from him a positive or definite expression upon political affairs. Yet so faithful was the personal devotion that he inspired that in these opening days of a Presidential contest clubs had been organized bearing his name, and proposing him as a Presidential candidate. But had his interests been public rather than partisan, had politics been a method of patriotism rather than a personal game, could powers so adapted by taste and long experience to the public service have been wholly diverted to other pursuits? It is Mr. Conkling's praise that in an epoch of great public corruption he was incorruptible. Whatever may be thought of his views of politics, he did not make them in the mercenary sense a trade for himself. Yet the power of patronage, upon which his whole system of practical politics rested, is essentially bribery; and it was, as we said, upon a question of patronage that his public life ended. But to all differences among honorable men Death calls a truce. The last days of Mr. Conkling's life moved the deep sympathy of all his countrymen. Like his life, his death was profoundly pathetic. As often to the memory of the dying return the hours of childhood in undimmed brightness, so by the deathbed of those who have borne a stormy part in the great strife of life only their kindly and generous qualities are remembered. The contest is ended, but history remains, and its thoughtful student will pause long and sadly at the name of Roscoe Conkling.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

The elections to the National Conventions have begun, but the prospects of the action of those assemblies are unchanged, except that that of the Republican becomes more probable. In the Democratic Convention the President will be renominated apparently by acclamation. The droll diversion in the name of Governor Hill has ceased, and so completely that even the renomination of the Governor to his present office has become very doubtful. It is not supposed that the President is altogether or even generally acceptable to his party, but his party sees that he is its only available candidate, and is in himself a platform. His administration, despite all disappointments, has gained respect and confidence for himself, but the course of his party has not tended to regain for itself popular favor. Here in New York, for instance, it has made Mr. Hill Governor; it has, as a party, rejected the President's proposed administrative reform policy; it has favored whatever promised to impair the efficiency of the reformed system in the State; and it has opposed license reform and ballot reform, the two important and progressive measures of the legislative session. There is nothing in the course of the Democratic party in this State since the inauguration of the President which tends to commend it to general confidence, except its support of his views of reducing the Treasury surplus, while it is its refusal to sustain his administrative reform policy which has led to his practical abandonment of it. The course of the Administration, however, has effectually dispelled the apprehension of commercial or industrial disaster from the mere fact of Democratic ascendency, and the President's message has stimulated interest in tariff reform as an election issue. The President's personality is by far the most impressive in his party, and it is that personality, with the usual conservative indisposition to change, which will constitute his strength in the campaign.

The Republican course in opposition has failed almost completely to regain the confidence it had lost, and consequently the personality of its candidate becomes of importance. When Mr. Blaine's Florence letter was published we pointed out that he spoke positively of what he could not control, but that he was silent upon the essential point which was wholly within his power. He said that his name would not be presented to the Convention, which he could not prevent. But he did not say that if he were nominated he would not accept, which is completely within his discretion. We said, therefore, that he did not seem to us to have withdrawn definitely from the contest. That was evidently the opinion of those who especially represent him, and who must be assumed to know best his feelings and purposes. They shouted at once that he had withdrawn, as far as withdrawal depended upon himself, which was untrue, for the reason that we have stated, and they have labored with assiduity to secure his nomination. They have encouraged the presentation of a throng of candidates, and unless some decisive incident occurs to remove Mr. Blaine's name from the Convention, he will probably be nominated.

On all sides there are Republican doubt and speculation and apprehension, an uneasy suspicion of trickery and intrigue, and in many quarters a disagreeable conviction that the Blaine nomination cannot be escaped. There is, it seems to us, no question of a general conviction among intelligent Republicans that Mr. Blaine's nomination would end in defeat, and a consequent break up of the party through an insurrection against its present Blaine leadership. The result of such a dissolution would be the organization of a party which would be the heir of the best Republican traditions and principles applied to the existing situation. This is plainly regarded by many independent voters as the blessing which would be hidden in the nomination of Mr. Blaine. In this view it is very amusing that the New York *Tribune*, which is zealously devoted to the renomination of Mr. Blaine, is ardently promoting the anticipations of such mugwumps. Should Mr. Blaine be set aside, it is not easy to guess the probable Republican candidate. There is no indication of any general preference, although many States are proposing favorite sons. The importance of the electoral vote of New York is conceded. But Mr. Cleveland will probably be as strong a candidate here as he was in 1884, although the elements of his support may be somewhat different. Mr. Blaine, or any convertible or changeling of Mr. Blaine, would probably not be stronger here than in 1884. In this uncertainty there are many Republican doubts, but the chief apprehension is that of the course of the strict Blaine faction if their leader should not be nominated.

POSTMASTERS AS PARTY AGENTS.

The attempt to prostitute postmasters into electioneering agents of the Democratic party was promptly exposed upon the publication of the circular to which were signed the names of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Maynard and Public Printer Benedict. We have since then called attention to a similar circular issued by the Democratic State Committee of Wisconsin, directing postmasters to return in a stamped and addressed envelop which was enclosed to them a statement of the party sympathy of the "voting patrons" of their offices. There is now published in the Philadelphia *Press* the following circular, also addressed to postmasters:

> "United States Senate,
> Washington, D. C., 1888.
>
> "Dear Sir,—Enclosed I send a few blank sheets, on which I will be obliged if you will kindly make a list, as far as convenient, of the names and politics of the patrons of your office, and forward to me. Yours truly,
> John E. Kenna."

Mr. Kenna is a Democratic Senator from West Virginia. The request that he makes is impertinent, insulting, and an outrage upon the people. It is an outrage because he solicits a favor of a public officer for the special benefit of a party, and not of the whole community. It is insulting because, under the circumstances, and with the ordinary understanding of such requests, refusal to comply would imperil the tenure of the postmaster. He would be placed upon the black list as suspected and indifferent, like all clerks who refuse to comply with committee invitations for voluntary contributions. It is impertinent because the service asked is not within the duty of the officer, and cannot be rendered without neglect of his duty.

If one citizen may properly ask such a service, so may all citizens. If a party politician like Mr. Kenna may do it, so may every other party politician, and everybody else, for every purpose. A Baptist or Presbyterian or Roman Catholic clergyman or committee may equally express obligation to postmasters if they "will kindly make a list, so far as convenient, of the names and" sectarian sympathy "of the patrons of your office." Mr. Kenna's proposition is of a kind which would transform postmasters into spies for every kind of private purpose. It is a gross abuse and public wrong, and the fact of the perpetration of such a wrong by a Senator of the United States as a matter of course is a sign of the degradation of public sentiment upon the subject, which is, however, happily offset by the fact that such conduct is now publicly and generally denounced, at least by the opposition press. That denunciation forecasts the correction of the wrong. It is useless to deny the virtual coercion of such circulars. They are said kindly to ask a favor which it is open to every party and every person to ask. But it is not open to every person to ask it. The request is an unwarrantable interference with the discharge of a specific public duty, and it is a virtual menace, because an officer who is appointed by party influence cannot safely disregard a party command. The Republican coercion of government clerks to pay a heavy percentage of their salaries for campaign purposes is a familiar outrage, which has given a unique word to the language in Hubbellism. If the victim did not yield to the "invitation," his attention was sharply called to his delinquency, and he was forced to deliver or to face probable removal. "For every man who refuses," said a high officer on one occasion, "there are thirty men ready to take the place with all the incumbrances." Yet the party by whose authority this outrage was perpetrated, even while it was going on with such thoroughness that not a vice-consul in the remotest port upon the globe escaped a HUBBELL circular, was pluming itself as the party of reform.

How many different circulars of this kind may have been issued we do not know. But the Postmaster-General, of course, is aware of the authority by which they are issued. He knows that they are in flagrant contempt of the President's declared views. He knows that in not instructing his subordinates that they are to govern their conduct by the President's declarations, and not by the demands of Senators and committees, he virtually approves those demands, and discredits the President. The President also cannot be ignorant of the contemptuous disregard of his profound convictions shown by committees and managers of his party, and of the scandal which it brings upon him and upon his administration. President HAYES assured the office-holders that, so far as depended upon him, their tenure should not be affected either by contributing or withholding contributions. Simple passivity, while on every side the President's own declarations are despised and overridden in order to secure his renomination, is a painful spectacle. When the Republican majority in Congress ceased to profess any regard for reform, President GRANT frankly abandoned the attempt. It was a better course than to permit the injury to the cause which inevitably results from using its name when its substance has disappeared.

MR. LOWELL'S RECENT ADDRESS.

THE recent address of Mr. LOWELL upon the Independent in Politics was the judgment of our most accomplished observer upon our political situation and tendencies. His address upon Democracy at Birmingham a few years ago was as noble a word upon that subject as has been spoken. No American, speaking with the authority of an official representative, ever spoke for his country to Europe, and especially to England, so wisely and well. It was a consummately adroit and able address, for he told to jealous ears, yet without offence, the secret of American greatness. But, as became an American speaking in Europe, he enlarged upon the essential excellences of our condition. In his late address, however, as he said, at home among ourselves we are less concerned to magnify our triumphs than to consider our dangers. These Mr. LOWELL pointed out as he sees them, but with a moderation, a temper, and a courageous plainness of speech which were all very characteristic, but which left no ground of cavil. The elevation of thought throughout the address, the admirable perception, the ample knowledge, the simple, sinewy vernacular in which it was expressed, above all, its serene independence, distinguished it among all recent speeches heard in this country.

Generally in hearing or reading a political speech it is easy to see the effort to gain one interest and not to alienate another. It is the hearer's vote, not his mind or conscience, at which the orator aims, and the inevitable impression is that of insincerity. We have heard a Republican or a Democrat, a high tariff man or a low tariff man, a flatterer of the Irish or of the German, of temperance men or of the saloon, but we have not heard a man talking to men, and without reference to personal or party effect of any kind, telling the truth precisely as he perceives it. This, however, was the distinction of Mr. LOWELL's discourse. It assumed both the manliness and the patriotism of his audience. The faults and tendencies that he touched were such as the consciousness of every intelligent American assures him. But the orator and his discourse were themselves the illustrations of the patriotic faith and character and courage which will surmount all difficulties and secure victory for the noble and advancing America of which the flatterers of classes and the fond cajolers of votes have no comprehension. It was not slavish cringing to the meanest prejudice of a party which originally made America, and it is only a manly independence which will advance it. One of the worst signs of the times is the instinctive rage with which party organs assail independence of party despotism. But a discourse like Mr. LOWELL's is the cheerful proof of an American patriotism and pluck which are sure of the future and quietly despise both the rage and the organs.

It is the spirit of such a discourse, quite as much as its views, which is full of encouragement and promise. The power of party organization based upon patronage, the influence of money at the polls and in securing public place, the menace of vast combinations of capital, the undeniable fact that the tendency of signal ability is not toward politics, and that the gates of public life are largely held by money and demagogism, are facts of the situation which must be seen and comprehended if their results are to be avoided. The first step of victory is fairly to face the foe. The earnest of victory is faith in the cause and in yourself. It was pleasant to feel the response to the words of Mr. LOWELL in the audience which he addressed. It was plainly in deep sympathy with him, and it was, of course, but a representative of that great host of Americans who see and feel likewise. There were never probably more of them than there are to-day. They are independent, not in any sense of wilful refusal to co-operate with parties, but in the cheerful resolution to act by their own judgment and not by a party command.

THE RAILWAY POSTAL SERVICE.

THERE is no branch of the public service which requires industrious, efficient, and intelligent officers more imperatively than the railway mail service. Its importance and value to the public are very great, and nowhere is the mischief of political interference more evident. The members of this service are well organized, and they have a pride in their service as generous and praiseworthy as that of the army and navy. It is a pride also which would be as universal as that of military and naval officers except for the political basis of the unclassified service, which exposes its members to arbitrary dismissal, and which consequently enhances the difficulty of securing competent men. Ex-Postmaster-General JAMES recently said upon this point:

> "The railway postal service should be placed at once upon a permanent footing. It can never be as efficient as it should be while the present methods of appointment and the uncertainty of tenure are kept in force. Appointment should be based on the ability, and tenure on the merit, of the applicant. Without doubt the most urgent present need of the postal service is the total elimination of partisan considerations as affecting appointments and removals in its working force. There are no public offices which are so emphatically public trusts as those whose duties comprise that of handling the correspondence of the people, because upon the proper and skilful performance of that duty depends to a far greater degree than in the case of any other function accomplished through government agency the business and social welfare of the entire community."

A bill introduced into the House by Mr. COX has been read twice and referred to the Committee on the Post-office, which divides the force of the railway mail service into six classes, with salaries ranging from nine hundred dollars for the first class up to eighteen hundred for the sixth class, in which class the clerks are to be known as chief clerks. It also provides that there shall be no reclassification of the existing classification except to conform to this act. The great benefits of the bill are that for the first time it fixes the salary, which is justly but moderately increased in accordance with the greater labor, and it prevents reduction to a lower grade. The growth of the work is seen in the statistics of one of the routes near New York. In March, 1881, with one clerk, there was one service daily from Middletown to New York and return. There were 2173 letters and 167 papers, of which 701 were registered. In March, 1888, with two clerks, there was a double service from Port Jervis to New York. The letters were 6562, and the papers 742, and 1183 of them registered.

It is but just that the labor in this exacting and rapidly increasing service should be properly estimated and rewarded, and this is what is effected by the COX bill. The bill is excellent, but there should be, as ex-Postmaster-General JAMES says, a provision for the relief of this service and of the public interest from wanton local partisan interference. This will be the next step, for the popular common-sense will not tolerate indefinitely the constant disturbance of this most important public business by the wretched little intrigues of personal politics.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE news of the sudden death of MATTHEW ARNOLD was received with great pain by his friends in this country, but not with surprise by those who knew that he was seriously affected with *angina pectoris*, the malady which was fatal to CHARLES SUMNER and WENDELL PHILLIPS. During his last visit in this country Mr. ARNOLD suffered at times acutely from this disease, but upon relief from suffering his buoyant spirits instantly restored his gayety. A simpler, sweeter, kindlier man did not live, and a boyish freshness of nature was to the last one of his most charming characteristics. He was a poet, a critic, and a scholar. No finer epical verse is found in modern literature than his "Sohrab and Rustum," and the character sketches in "Faded Leaves" are full of penetrating lyrical melody. If his poetic genius would not rank him with masters like BROWNING and TENNYSON, yet in what he would have called "distinction" he is among their contemporaries easily next to them.

It is, however, as a prose writer and critic that he is popularly distinguished. The poetic refinement of his nature and his cosmopolitan accomplishment made him very susceptible to the clumsy narrowness and complacent materialism of the typical John Bull, and him he exposed and described and chaffed and judged with a relentless and resistless gayety and acuteness which have undoubtedly made John Bull a little more conscious and ashamed of the purely bovine element in him. ARNOLD's influence has thus been refining, elevating, and clarifying. His peculiar service is his constant and persuasive assertion of the superiority of the intellectual life. An article in the *Evening Post* points out that he lived opportunely, because his genius was fitted to moderate and even to offset the purely scientific tendency of the age, determined by the great contemporary masters, DARWIN, HUXLEY, TYNDALL, and their associates. ARNOLD's incisive grasp, his comprehensive intelligence, his mellow literary scholarship, and his limpid, lucid style, were devoted constantly to reminding his countrymen of "the awful shadow of some unseen power."

Moreover, without speaking in the familiar religious phrase, ARNOLD consoled surviving faith, disturbed by the aggression of scientific research, with the affirmation of supreme spiritual forces. He was an exemplar of spiritual independence, but with the conservative temperament, and among English men of letters of his time he was a distinct power. His evident intellectual sincerity was his credential, and he had in writing what did not always characterize his personal intercourse, a delightful tact. He knew the value of expressive phrases and of artful iteration, which sometimes he pushed too far. As a public censor he was the most signal illustration of the finer and less familiar qualities of the English genius, and his masterly touch within his proper range was unquestionable. His permanent contributions to literature are among his poems, but his influence upon English character and development is due mainly to his essays. He was a delightful companion, observant, blithe, outspoken, critical even of the landscape and of the weather. But the enthusiasm of youth was wholly unworn in his last years, and how true and tender were his sympathies is shown by the little poem upon the death of a dachhund a few years since. His last article, that upon our American civilization, is perfectly good-tempered, and attests the temerity of an old critical hand, to vary the phrase applied to GLADSTONE, in generalizing upon a continental question from a too limited observation. But there is perhaps danger that the character of our wrath may seem to justify some of his judgments. MATTHEW ARNOLD left many friends in America who were first attracted by the author and were at last won by the man; and despite the irritated banter which his strictures have elicited, he has drawn closer the bonds of essential respect and regard between his country and ours.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

THE suspicion of enormous jobbery which always hangs around the River and Harbor Bill was awakened by the effort to force the present bill under a suspension of the rules and without debate. There was, indeed, a majority in favor of this course, but the two-thirds vote was wanting. The twenty millions of dollars will not, therefore, be taken from the Treasury without investigation and probable exposure of the logs which are rolled together in this "great divide." It is remarkable that the annual amount demanded for this work is about the same, and that it is popularly supposed to be in large part a "grab," or a "steal." There is apparently a profound conviction of its necessity. The veto of President ARTHUR a few years ago could not prevent the passage of the bill. That appropriations for the purpose are often necessary is unquestionable. But it is equally unquestionable that a large part of the annual grant is believed to be a swindle.

PERSONAL.

AMERICAN actors are making ready to show how royal a thing is the tie of fellow-craft. Under the leadership of AUGUSTIN DALY and A. M. PALMER, a testimonial is to be given to the veteran and famous LESTER WALLACK. It will be a rare event. *Hamlet* is to be played at the Metropolitan Opera-house, with EDWIN BOOTH, LAWRENCE BARRETT, JOHN GILBERT, JOSEPH JEFFERSON, W. J. FLORENCE, CHARLES COULDOCK, ROSE COGHLAN, Mrs. D. P. BOWERS, and Madame MODJESKA in the cast, and every minor part will be taken by a leading actor. It is on May 21st that this treat falls due.

—Yale students have been trying to induce Minister PHELPS to give them a lecture before he returns to London, but he hasn't one spare minute, he says.

—France's Legion of Honor is doing something toward showing that its insignia is worth the wearing. M. LE GRAND, a rich tradesman, who bought the decoration from President GRÉVY's son-in-law, WILSON, has been publicly expelled from the order.

—President AUSTIN CORBIN, of the Reading Railroad, is not too busy a man to consult his heart between times. He has been modifying recent orders of his company, in order to be easier on some of his old workmen who lost their places by taking part in the coal-mining strike.

—The oldest journalist in Europe is Sir EDWARD BAINES, who began his career as a reporter on an English country weekly away back in Waterloo days. Years and honors accumulating have not taken him from his first newspaper love.

—Sadness came to every old Yale man's heart when the news was published last week that the wife of ex-President NOAH PORTER was dead. Cultured, amiable, affectionate, she was a mother to many a home-sick lad in old college days, and the memory of her kindnesses will live through many a year.

—The Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, just back from a tour through the South, says that the Southern people are making rapid advances, not only in business ways, but educationally. He saw evidences of "a great awakening" all over Dixie.

—Friends of President CLEVELAND who enjoy the privilege of dining occasionally at the White House say that while the Executive table is loaded down with dainties to tempt guests, both the President and his wife confine themselves to plain, old-fashioned, wholesome fare.

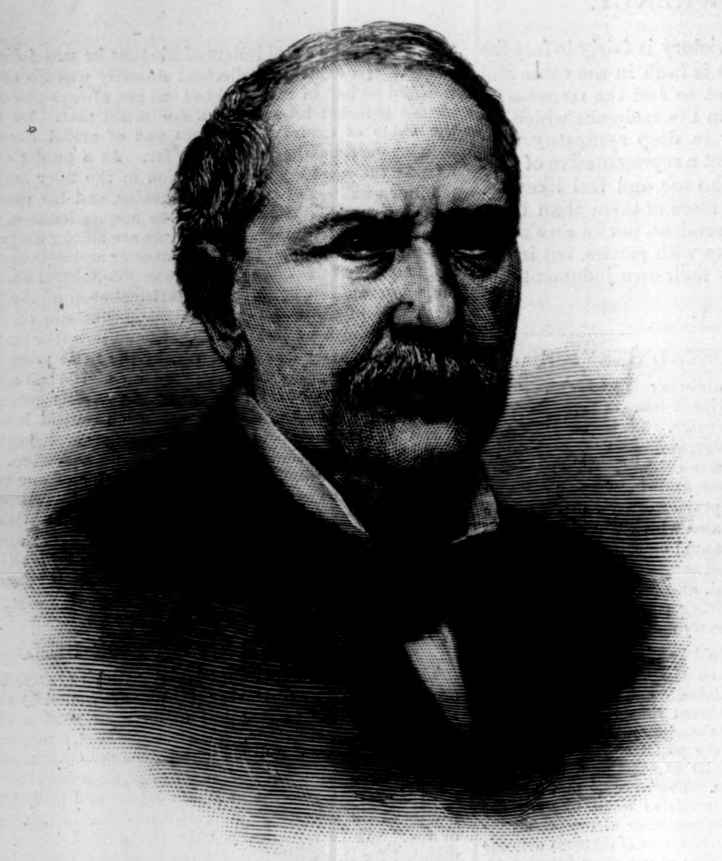
—What advances college journalism has made in the last few years! The *Cornell Magazine*, an ambitious monthly almost as large as HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has just appeared, making the sixth periodical now regularly issued by the students of Cornell University. And all of the other American colleges are keeping pace, most of them supporting dailies as well as weeklies and monthlies.

—It is not true that GARIBALDI'S autobiography is to be published as a serial in any of the HARPER periodicals.

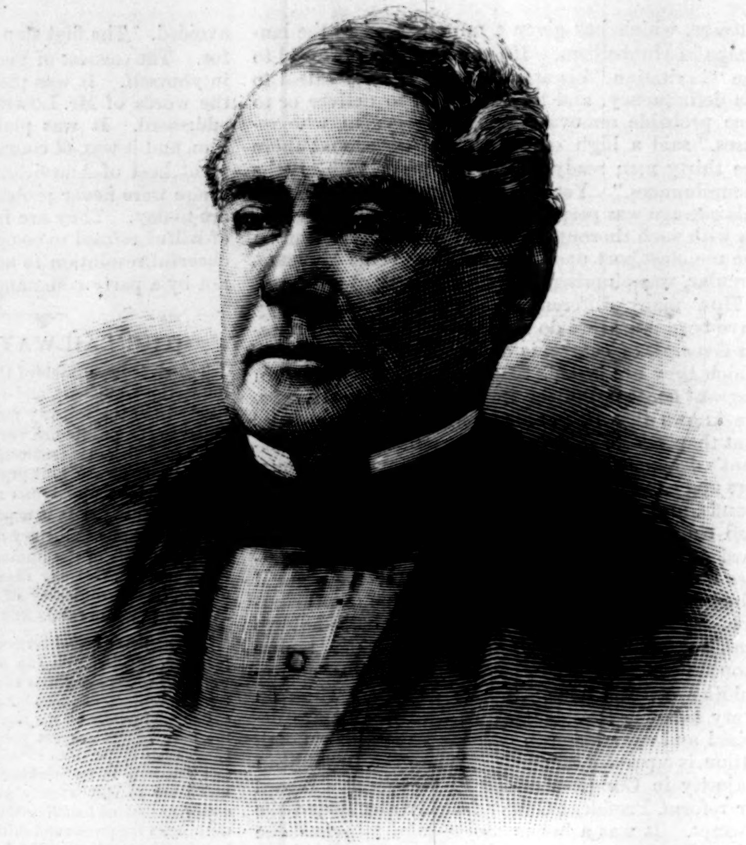
—BENJAMIN CONSTANT, the noted French painter, is contemplating a trip to this country in October next for the purpose of painting a limited number of portraits. It is predicted that his work for this year's Salon will be awarded the Medal of Honor. M. CONSTANT has written and illustrated in a very charming manner an article on Morocco which is to appear in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

—ALFRED STIEGLITZ, a young American now studying chemistry at the Berlin University, has gained remarkable distinction in Europe for his work on photography. One of his photographs was selected to appear in a Jubilee Album presented to the Queen of England, and he obtained the first prize in a competition instituted by the *Amateur Photographer*, of London, for the best photographic work during the summer of 1886. More recently Messrs. SCHUSTER & Co., who occupy in Berlin a position analogous to that of GOUPIL & Co. in Paris, have selected fifty of Mr. STIEGLITZ's photographs for reproduction in photogravure.

—FREDERICK MATHER, who has charge of the fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, is very proud of the work his establishment is accomplishing—a pride amply justified by the official spring inspection by State Fish Commissioner E. G. BLACKFORD, who reports that the hatchery this season will deliver 1,000,000 smelt, 34,000 land-locked salmon, 35,000 rainbow trout, and 50,000 brook trout, besides keeping over for stock a very large number of young fish. Besides these, 2,000,000 tom-cod have already been delivered. The work of the hatchery never ceases. In November it began hatching brook trout, and in January it began with the salmon.



THE LATE ARUNAH S. ABELL.—[See Page 307.]



THE LATE WILLIAM B. DINSMORE.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 303.]

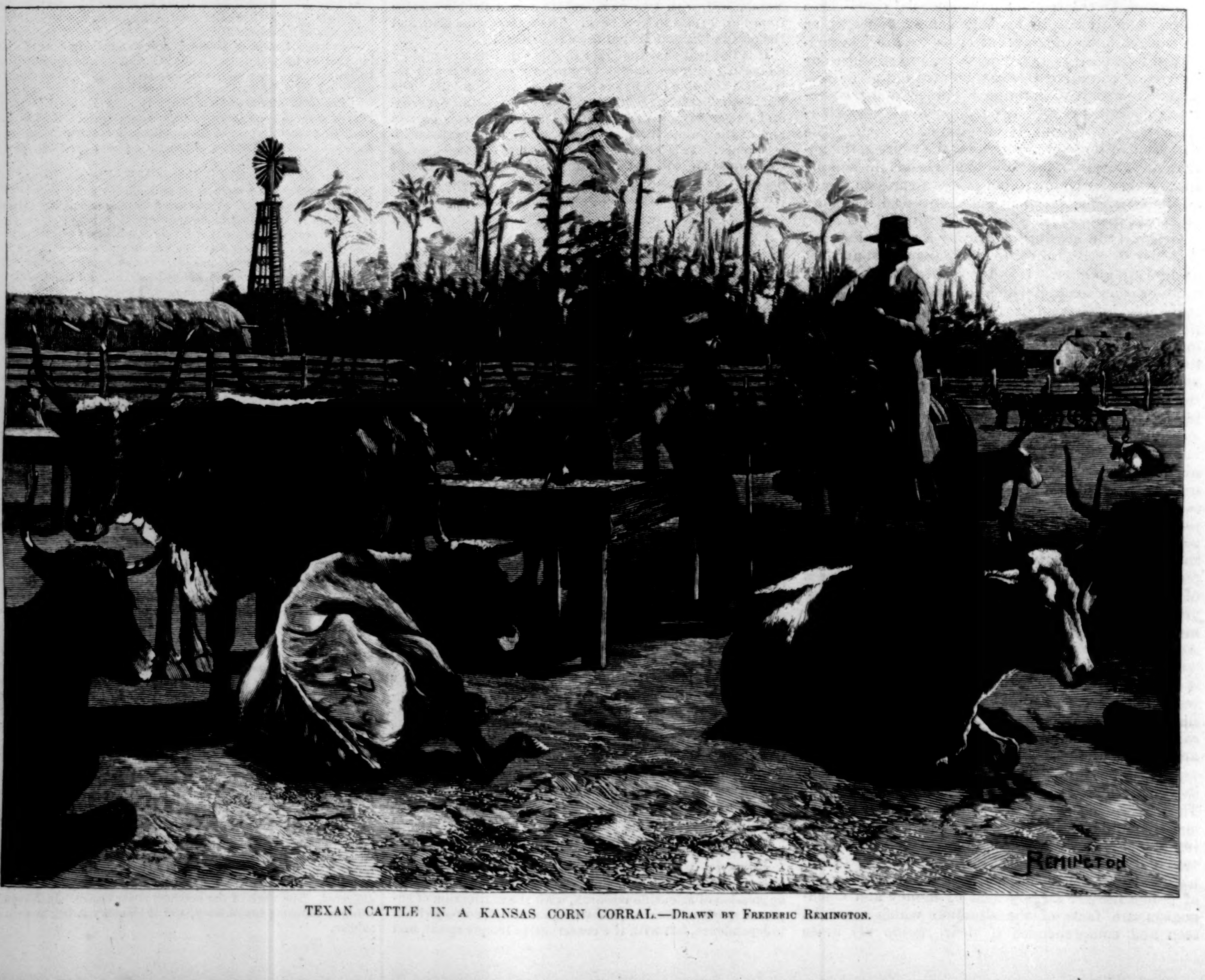
IN A KANSAS CORN CORRAL.

Mr. Remington presents a sketch which shows how steaks, ribs, sirloins, and briskets are made quite perfect. It is the division of labor which is so conspicuous to-day. Whether it be a Texan steer or a bale of cotton, the process is the same. One set of people have in charge the production of the crude material, another attend to the presentation of it in its best—that is, in its approved merchantable—condition.

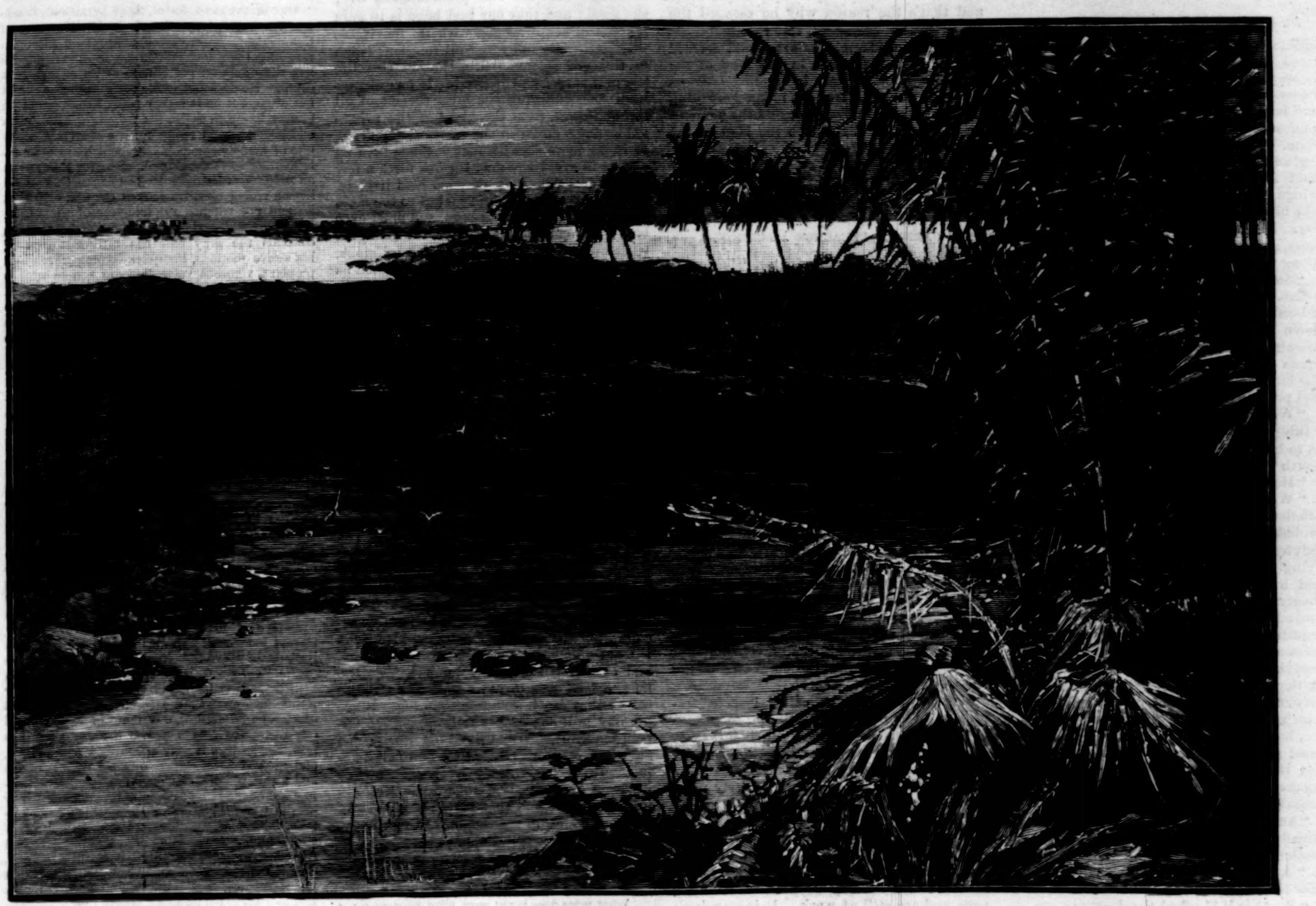
Travelling through Kansas, one sees on every hand almost limitless fields of corn. Here is apparently sufficient to feed a countless multitude, but it is not in its present shape that it is consumed. It goes through a process of transmutation. We eat it eventually, not as Indian corn, but as beef. The greater proportion of corn is fed to steers or hogs, and thus converted into beef or pork it reaches the market. Corn in this way is most profitably disposed of. The steer in good condition, ripe for the market, may represent seventy-five bushels of corn lately fed to him.

With liberal supplies of this excellent food, cattle can be made ready for the market at any time in the year. It is even within the power of the large raisers to keep their beasts out of the market as long as they please, so that if there be a glut there is no competition with "grass-fed stock," and the meat market is not depressed. Men in the East sit down to their dinners, eat juicy sirloins, and have little idea of the care and judgment necessary to produce them. In Kansas the fattening of cattle amounts to a science. Occasionally farmers undertake this special branch of business, but generally it is more successfully carried on by concerns that make it a special calling. These latter raise neither the cattle nor the corn, but buy both, and by long experience know exactly when the animal or the grain is most advantageously purchasable, and what are the conditions most likely to produce the best and speediest results.

When the poor thin Texan cattle are bought, which have come over the trail for many hundreds of miles, they are put, footsore and weary, into the corrals. Such corrals may be seen all over Kansas, especially near railroad stations. Prairie hay is stacked there, and there is water, and generally a windmill used for pumping. Feeding-troughs are in plenty. At first, when the cattle are introduced, care is taken that they do not eat too much. Gradually they are given full feeds. They gain strength and flesh rapidly. It pays to grade them properly. If judiciously handled, better and cheaper beef is made in this way than by what is called "granger-raising" Every day more system and method are being introduced by those who specially devote their attention to this business in Kansas. The animals, as Mr. Remington has drawn them, stand contentedly around their feeding-troughs, and the taming effects of a full stomach are quite visible Corn is distributed in a liberal manner, and an Eastern man would be amazed at the apparent lavish amount of food.



TEXAN CATTLE IN A KANSAS CORN CORRAL.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



AN ATOLL IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN, WITH PALMS AND TREE-FERNS.

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GRIMM'S LAW AGAIN.

DINNER was now announced, and Oxenden laid the manuscript aside; whereupon they adjourned to the cabin, where they proceeded to discuss both the repast and the manuscript.

"Well," said Featherstone, "More's story seems to be approaching a crisis. What do you think of it now, Melick? Do you still think it a sensational novel?"

"Partly so," said Melick; "but it would be nearer the mark to call it a satirical romance."

"Why not a scientific romance?"

"Because there's precious little science in it, but a good deal of quiet satire."

"Satire on what?" asked Featherstone. "I'll be hanged if I can see it."

"Oh, well," said Melick, "on things in general. The satire is directed against the restlessness of humanity; its impulses, feelings, hopes, and fears—all that men do and feel and suffer. It mocks us by exhibiting a new race of men, animated by passions and impulses which are directly the opposite of ours, and yet no nearer happiness than we are. It shows us a world where our evil is made a good, and our good an evil; there all that we consider a blessing is had in abundance—prolonged and perpetual sunlight, riches, power, fame—and yet these things are despised, and the people, turning away from them, imagine that they can find happiness in poverty, darkness, death, and unrequited love. The writer thus mocks at all our dearest passions and strongest desires; and his general aim is to show that the mere search for happiness *per se* is a vulgar thing, and must always result in utter nothingness. The writer also teaches the great lesson that the happiness of man consists not in external surroundings, but in the internal feelings, and that heaven itself is not a place, but a state. It is the old lesson which Milton extorted from Satan:

> 'What matter where, if I be still the same—'

Or again:

> 'The mind is its own place, and of itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'"

"That's good too," cried Oxenden. "That reminds me of the German commentators who find in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus or the *Œdipus* of Sophocles or the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare motives and purposes of which the authors could never have dreamed, and give us a metaphysical, beer-and-tobacco, High-Dutch Clytemnestra or Antigone or Lady Macbeth. No, my boy, More was a simple sailor, and had no idea of satirizing anything."

"How, then, do you account for the perpetual undercurrent of meaning and innuendo that may be found in every line?"

"I deny that there is anything of the sort," said Oxenden. "It is a plain narrative of facts; but the facts are themselves such that they give a new coloring to the facts of our own life. They are in such profound antithesis to European ways that we consider them as being written merely to indicate that difference. It is like the *Germania* of Tacitus, which many critics still hold to be a satire on Roman ways, while as a matter of fact it is simply a narrative of German manners and customs."

"I hope," cried Melick, "that you do not mean to compare this awful rot and rubbish to the *Germania* of Tacitus?"

"By no means," said Oxenden; "I merely asserted that in one respect they were analogous. You forced on the allusion to the *Germania* by calling this 'rot and rubbish' a satirical romance."

"Oh, well," said Melick, "I only referred to the intention of the writer. His plan is one thing and his execution quite another. His plan is not bad, but he fails utterly in his execution. The style is detestable. If he had written in the style of a plain seaman, and told a simple unvarnished tale, it would have been all right. In order to carry out properly such a plan as this the writer should take Defoe as his model, or, still better, Dean Swift. *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe* show what can be done in this way, and form a standard by which all other attempts must be judged. But this writer is tawdry; he has the worst vices of the sensational school—he shows everywhere marks of haste, gross carelessness, and universal feebleness. When he gets hold of a good fancy, he lacks the patience that is necessary in order to work it up in an effective way. He is a gross plagiarist, and over and over again violates in the most glaring manner all the ordinary proprieties of style. What can be more absurd, for instance, than the language which he puts into the mouth of Layelah? Not content with making her talk like a sentimental boarding-school, bread-and-butter English miss, he actually forgets himself so far as to put in her mouth a threadbare joke, which every one has heard since childhood."

"What is that?"

"Oh, that silly speech about the athaleb swallowing its victuals whole."

"What's the matter with that?" asked Oxenden. "It's merely a chance resemblance. In translating her words into English they fell by accident into that shape. No one but you would find fault with them. Would it have been better if he had translated her words into the scientific phraseology which the doctor made use of with regard to the ichthyosaurus? He might have made it this way: 'Does it bite?' 'No; it swallows its food without mastication.' Would that have been better? Besides, it's all very well to talk of imitating Defoe and Swift; but suppose he couldn't do it?"

"Then he shouldn't have written the book."

"In that case how could his father have heard about his adventures?"

"His father!" exclaimed Melick. "Do you mean to say that you still accept all this as *bona fide*?"

"Do you mean to say," retorted Oxenden, "that you still have any doubt about the authenticity of this remarkable manuscript?"

At this each looked at the other; Melick elevated his eyebrows, and Oxenden shrugged his shoulders; but each seemed unable to find words to express his amazement of the other's stupidity, and so they took refuge in silence.

"What do you understand by this athaleb, doctor?" asked Featherstone.

"The athaleb?" said the doctor. "Why, it is clearly the pterodactyl."

"By-the-bye," interrupted Oxenden, "do please take notice of that name. It affords another exemplification of 'Grimm's Law.' The Hebrew word is 'ataleph,' and means bat. The Kosekin word is 'athaleb.' Here you see the thin letter of Hebrew represented by the aspirated letter of the Kosekin language, while the aspirated Hebrew is represented by the Kosekin medial."

"Too true," exclaimed Melick, in a tone of deep conviction; "and now, Oxenden, won't you sing us a song?"

"Nonsense," said Featherstone; "let the doctor tell us about the athaleb."

"Well," resumed the doctor, "as I was saying, it must be undoubtedly the pterodactyl. It is a most extraordinary animal, and is a species of flying lizard, although differing from the lizard in many respects. It has the head and neck of a bird, the trunk and tail of an ordinary mammal, the jaws and teeth of a reptile, and the wings of a bat. Owen describes one whose sweep of wings exceeded twenty feet, and many have been found of every gradation of size down to that of a bat. There is no reason why they should not be as large as More says; and I for my part do not suspect him of exaggeration. Some have supposed that a late, lingering individual may have suggested the idea of the fabulous dragon—an idea which seems to be in the minds of nearly all the human race, for in the early records of many nations we find the destruction of dragons assigned to their gods and heroes. The figure of the pterodactyl represents pretty closely that which is given to the dragons. It is not impossible that they may have existed into the period which we call prehistoric, and that monsters far larger than any which we have yet discovered may have lingered until the time when man began to increase upon the earth, to spread over its surface, and to carve upon wood and stone representations of the most striking objects around him. When the living pterodactyls had disappeared the memory of them was preserved; some new features were added, and the imagination went so far as to endow them with the power of belching forth smoke and flames. Thus the dragon idea pervaded the minds of men, and instead of a natural animal it became a fabulous one.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

"The fingers of the forelegs were of the ordinary dimensions, and terminated with crooked nails, and these were probably used to suspend themselves from trees. When in repose it rested on its hind legs like a bird, and held its neck curving behind, so that its enormous head should not disturb its equilibrium. The size and form of the feet, of the leg, and of the thigh prove that they could hold themselves erect with firmness, their wings folded, and move about in this way like birds, just as More describes them as doing. Like birds they could also perch on trees, and could crawl like bats and lizards along the rocks and cliffs.

"Some think that they were covered with scales, but I am of the opinion that they had a horny hide, with a ridge of hair running down their backs—in which opinion I am sustained by More's account. The smaller kinds were undoubtedly insectivorous, but the larger ones must have been carnivorous, and probably fed largely on fish."

"Well, at any rate," said Melick, gravely, "this athaleb solves the difficult question as to how the Troglodytes emigrated to the South Pole."

"How?" asked the doctor.

"Why, they must have gone there on athalebs! Your friends the pterodactyls probably lingered longest among the Troglodytes, who, seeing that they were rapidly dying out, concluded to depart to another and a better world. One beauty of this theory is that it cannot possibly be disproved; another is that it satisfies all the requirements of the case; a third is that it accounts for the disappearance of the pterodactyls in our world, and their appearance at the South Pole; and there are forty or fifty other facts, all included in this theory, which I have not time just now to enumerate, but will try to do so after we have finished reading the manuscript. I will only add that the athaleb must be regarded as another link which binds the Kosekin to the Semitic race."

"Another link?" said Oxenden. "That I already have; and it is one that carries conviction with it."

"All your arguments invariably do, my dear fellow."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"The Kosekin alphabet," said Oxenden.

"I can't see how you can make anything out of that," said the doctor.

"Very well, I can easily explain," replied Oxenden. "In the first place we must take the old Hebrew alphabet. I will write down the letters in their order first."

Saying this he hastily jotted down some letters on a piece of paper, and showed to the doctor the following:

	Labials.	Palatals.	Linguals.
A	B	C (or G)	D
E	F	Ch (or H)	Dh (or Th)
I	Liquids, L	M	N
O	P	K	T

"That," said he, "is substantially the order of the old Hebrew alphabet."

"But," said the doctor, "the Kosekin alphabet differs in its order altogether from that."

"That very difference can be shown to be all the stronger proof of a connection between them," said Oxenden.

"I should like to know how."

"The fact is," said Oxenden, "these letters are represented differently in the two languages in exact accordance with Grimm's Law."

"By Jove!" cried Featherstone, "Grimm's Law again!"

"According to that law," continued Oxenden, "the letters of the alphabet ought to change their order. Now let us leave out the vowels and linguals, and deal only with the mutes. First, we have in the Hebrew alphabet the medials B, G, and D. Very well; in the Kosekin we have standing first the thin letters, or tenues, according to Grimm's Law, namely, P, K, T. Next we have in the Hebrew the aspirates F, Ch, Dh. In the Kosekin alphabet we have corresponding to them the medials B, G, D. Next we have in the Hebrew the tenues, or thin letters P, K, T. In the Kosekin we have the corresponding aspirates F, Ch, Th. The vowels, liquids, and sibilants need not be regarded just here, for the proof from the mutes is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man."

"Well," said Melick, "I for one am thoroughly satisfied, and don't need another single word. The fact is, I never knew before the all-sufficient nature of Grimm's Law. Why, it can unlock any mystery! When I get home I must buy one—a tame one, if possible—and keep him with me always. It is more useful to a literary man than to any other. It is said that with a knowledge of Grimm's Law a man may wander through the world from Iceland to Ceylon, and converse pleasantly in all the Indo-European languages. More must have had Grimm's Law stowed away somewhere about him; and that's the reason why he escaped the icebergs, the volcanoes, the cannibals, the subterranean channel monster, and arrived at last safe and sound in the land of the Kosekin. What I want is Grimm's Law—a nice tidy one, well trained, in good working order, and kind in harness; and the moment I get one I intend to go to the land of the Kosekin myself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OXENDEN PREACHES A SERMON.

"Magones," said the doctor, "is clearly a volcanic island, and, taken in connection with the other volcanoes around, shows how active must be the subterranean fires at the South Pole. It seems probable to me that the numerous caves of the Kosekin were originally fissures in the mountains, formed by convulsions of nature; and also that the places excavated by man must consist of soft volcanic rock, such as pumice-stone, or rather tufa, easily worked, and remaining permanently in any shape into which it may be fashioned. As to Magones, it seems another Iceland; for there are the same wild and hideous desolation, the same impassable wildernesses, and the same universal scenes of ruin, lighted up by the baleful and tremendous volcanic fires."

"But what of that little island on which they landed?" asked Featherstone. "That, surely, was not volcanic."

"No," said the doctor; "that must have been a coral island."

"By-the-bye, is it really true," asked Featherstone, "that these coral islands are the work of little insects?"

"Well, they may be called insects," replied the doctor; "they are living zoophytes of most minute dimensions, which, however, compensate for their smallness of size by their inconceivable numbers. Small as these are they have accomplished infinitely more than all that ever was done by the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the pterodactyl, and the whole tribe of monsters that once filled the earth. Immense districts and whole mountains have been built up by these minute creatures. They have been at work for ages, and are still at work. It is principally in the South Seas that their labors are carried on. Near the Maldive Islands they have formed a mass whose volume is equal to the Alps. Around New Caledonia they have built a barrier of reefs four hundred miles in length, and another along the north-west coast of Australia a thousand miles in length. In the Pacific Ocean, islands, reefs, and islets innumerable have been constructed by them, which extend for an immense distance.

"The coral islands are called 'atolls.' They are nearly always circular, with a depression in the centre. They are originally made ring-shaped, but the action of the ocean serves to throw fragments of rock into the inner depression, which thus fills up; firm land appears; the rock crumbles into soil; the winds and birds and currents bring seeds here, and soon the new island is covered with verdure. These little creatures have played a part in the past quite as important as in the present. All Germany rests upon a bank of coral; and they seem to have been most active during the Eolithic Period."

"How do the creatures act?" asked Featherstone.

"Nobody knows," replied the doctor.

A silence now followed, which was at last broken by Oxenden.

"After all," said he, "these monsters and marvels of nature form the least interesting feature in the land of the Kosekin. To me the people themselves are the chief subject of interest. Where did they get that strange, all-pervading love of death, which is as strong in them as love of life is in us?"

"Why, they got it from the imagination of the writer of the manuscript," interrupted Melick.

"Yes, it's easy to answer it from your point of view; yet from my point of view it is more difficult. I sometimes think that it may be the strong spirituality of the Semitic race, carried out under exceptionally favorable circumstances to the ultimate results; for the Semitic race more than all others thought little of this life, and turned their affections to the life that lives beyond this. The Kosekin may thus have had a spiritual development of their own, which ended in this.

"Yet there may be another reason for it, and I sometimes think that the Kosekin may be nearer to the truth than we are. We have by nature a strong love of life—it is our dominant feeling—but yet there is in the minds of all men a deep underlying conviction of the vanity of life, and the worthlessness. In all ages and among all races the best, the purest, and the wisest have taught this truth—that human life is not a blessing; that the evil predominates over the good; and that our best hope is to gain a spirit of acquiescence with its inevitable ills. All philosophy and all religions teach us this one solemn truth, that in this life the evil surpasses the good. It has always been so. Suffering has been the lot of all living things, from the giant of the primeval swamps down to the smallest zoophyte. It is far more so with man. Some favored classes in every age may furnish forth a few individuals who may perhaps lead lives of self-indulgence and luxury; but to the mass of mankind life has ever been, and must ever be, a prolonged scene of labor intermingled with suffering. The great Indian religions, whether Brahmanic or Buddhistic, teach as their cardinal doctrine that life is an evil. Buddhism is more pronounced in this, for it teaches more emphatically than even the Kosekin that the chief end of man is to get rid of the curse of life and gain the bliss of Nirvana, or annihilation. True, it does not take so practical a form as among the Kosekin, yet it is believed by one-third of the human race as the foundation of the religion in which they live and die. We need not go to the Kosekin, however, for such maxims as these. The intelligent Hindoos, the Chinese, the Japanese, with many other nations, all cling firmly to this belief. Sakyamoum Gautama Buddha, the son and heir of a mighty monarch, penetrated with the conviction of the misery of life, left his throne, embraced a life of voluntary poverty, want, and misery, so that he might find his way to a better state—the end before him being this, that he might ultimately escape from the curse of existence. He lived till old age, gained innumerable followers, and left to them as a solemn legacy the maxim that not to exist is better than to exist; that death is better than life. Since his day millions of his followers have upheld his principles and lived his life. Even among the joyous Greeks we find this feeling at times bursting forth; it comes when we least expect it, and not even a Kosekin poet could express this view more forcibly than Sophocles in the *Œdipus* at Colonus:

"'Not to be born surpasses every lot;
And the next best lot by far, when one is born,
Is to go back whence he came as soon as possible;
For while youth is present bringing vain follies,
What woes does it not have, what ills does it not bear—
Murders, factions, strife, war, envy!
But the extreme of misery is attained by loathsome old age—
Old age, strengthless, unsociable, friendless,
Where all evils upon evils dwell together.'"

"I'll give you the words of a later poet," said Melick, "who takes a different view of the case. I think I'll sing them, with your permission."

Melick swallowed a glass of wine and then sang the following:

"'They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.'"

"What a pity it is," continued Melick, "that the writer of this manuscript had not the philological, theological, sociological, geological, palæological, ontological, ornithological, and all the other logical attainments of yourself and the doctor! He could then have given us a complete view of the nature of the Kosekin, morally and physically; he could have treated of the geology of the soil, the ethnology of the people, and could have unfolded before us a full and comprehensive view of their philosophy and religion, and could have crammed his manuscript with statistics. I wonder why he didn't do it even as it was. It must have been a strong temptation."

"More," said Oxenden, with deep impressiveness, "was a simple-minded though somewhat emotional sailor, and merely wrote in the hope that his story might one day meet the eyes of his father. I certainly should like to find some more accurate statements about the science, philosophy, and religion of the Kosekin; yet, after all, such things could not be expected."

"Why not?" said Melick; "it was easy enough for him."

"How?" asked Oxenden.

"Why, he had only to step into the British Museum, and in a couple of hours he could have crammed up on all those points in science, philosophy, ethnology, and theology, about which you are so anxious to know."

"Well," said Featherstone, "suppose we continue our reading? I believe it is my turn now. I sha'n't be able to hold out so long as you did, Oxenden, but I'll do what I can."

Saying this, Featherstone took the manuscript and went on to read.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOSEPH ROSWELL HAWLEY.

One of the most active, most persistent, briskest members of the Senate is Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut. There are few speakers more interesting than he. When he is drawn out he has the effect on the Senate of an effervescent drink. He does not make set speeches, at least not often, but he is a very ready debater, and he is very likely to assist his fellow-members to a conclusion by an epigrammatic sentence, or by bits of homely common-sense which are both enlightening and stimulating. Senator Hawley is an older man than he looks to be. One would say on seeing him move about the Chamber that he had not reached the mid-year of the fifties. His short, sturdy body, his lightish hair which conceals the gray that has intruded upon it, his active motions, his quick-coming words and pleasant, vigorous voice, indicate a man who is still in the full possession of his physical powers. And although Senator Hawley will be sixty-two years old on the last day of next October, there is a vivacity about him that would do credit to many of the youngest men in Congress.

Senator Hawley was not born in Connecticut, nor in the North, but in Stewartsville, Richmond County, North Carolina. His parents were Connecticut people, however, and returned to the State in 1837. Nor was he educated in the State in which his whole active life has been passed, and for which all his public civil service has been rendered. He was graduated at Hamilton College, in New York, in 1847, when he was twenty-one years old. But when he was ready to enter the bar, in 1850, it was at Hartford, which has ever since been his home, that he was made a lawyer. Senator Hawley was not long an active practitioner in the profession of the law. He began life at a time too interesting and exciting to permit a man of his fervid nature to drudge amid precedents and forms. He was fired with the spirit of change and revolution. The anti-slavery movement appealed to him more strongly than the statutes behind which the evil of his native South was intrenched. It was early in his career that he found the cause of the new Republican party more attractive than the causes of clients. Hartford was more of a provincial city in the early days before the war than it is now, but its people were of sturdy Puritan stock, and the war upon slavery aroused their energies and awakened their quick intellects. Mr. Hawley abandoned the law, and became the editor of the Hartford *Evening Press*, which has since been consolidated with the Hartford *Courant*, of which he is editor. For four years he advocated the cause of the Republican party in his newspaper and on the stump. It was in 1857 that Mr. Hawley became an editor, and while by his pen and his voice he had a strong influence upon the politics of his State, he served in the ranks. He was not a candidate for any office. When the war broke out he was the first citizen of Connecticut to offer his services to the government, and he was made first a Lieutenant and then a Captain of Connecticut troops on April 15, 1861. Those were exciting days in Connecticut. There was a strong disloyal element in that staid New England commonwealth. The "peace party" was very strong and very active, and the Union volunteers had a good deal to do in keeping the peace at home before they started for the seat of war. Mr. Buchanan's Federal office-holders were possessed by pretty but disloyal sentiments concerning the chaste beauty of the white flag. The loyal citizens of the State lashed themselves into a decided fury by breaking up peace meetings and destroying disloyal newspapers before the battle of Bull Run was fought, and the task of suppressing every expression in favor of disunion was not wholly accomplished when the three-months troops returned from the war. The enthusiasm of the times was congenial to Lieutenant Hawley, who has even now lost very little of the fire of his youth.

He went to the war, and remained at the front until its end. When he was mustered out of the service in January, 1866, he held the rank of Brigadier-General and the brevet rank of Major-General. He was a good soldier, brave and conscientious, with the alertness and enthusiasm which have always characterized him. He was at the battle of Bull Run, and in September of 1861 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Infantry, the regiment which was commanded by his friend General Terry. It was the first command of the State that volunteered. When General Terry was promoted to be Brigadier-General in 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Hawley was made Colonel, and was placed in command of the regiment. When his old chief was given a division, Colonel Hawley became a Brigadier-General, and commanded the Second Brigade of the Division. Subsequently he was General Terry's Chief of Staff. He was at the capture of Fort Fisher, for which achievement General Terry was made Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General of the regular army, and received the thanks of Congress. In September of 1865 General Hawley received the brevet rank which he had when he quitted the service. In the performance of his staff duties he exhibited that shrewd common-sense which makes men popular in New England. Connecticut was grateful and kind to her soldiers. Her people were tenderly attached to the men who made the sacrifices of the war. It was esteemed a great privilege to have been a soldier, and it was felt to be a public duty to honor the soldiers.

General Hawley was made Governor of the State three months after he was mustered out of the military service. While he held that office (1866–7) there was almost a Hawley cult in Connecticut. The Governor was not forty years old when he was elected, and his dash and spirit made him a great favorite throughout the State. The memories of the war were very fresh with him. They have remained so ever since. The pleasure of meeting with his old comrades has never worn out. He loves an old soldier with the fervor of a man who thoroughly appreciates the deep significance of his campaigning. His voice has always been heard in the songs that are sung at the monthly meetings of the Loyal Legion, and he sings with the force and intensity with which his Puritan ancestors raised their songs of praise in the early perilous days when they had moved away from Massachusetts Bay, and had encamped between the dangers of the Pequots and the Dutch of New York. When he was Governor, no soldiers' monument could be dedicated or soldiers' picnic complete without a speech from the young Governor. He seemed to be constantly on the move, and there was a vigorous freshness, a quality like that which makes spring breezes refreshing, that gave a touch of eloquence to his speeches. He had, and continues to have, a wealth of homely illustration, which, with his earnestness and enthusiasm, made him in those days the most popular political orator in Connecticut. One cannot say that Senator Hawley is indeed an orator. He possesses none of the tricks and arts of oratory. He speaks right on. He says what he has to say after a fashion that plain men like and can understand. It would be difficult now in reading Governor Hawley's speches of the two years after the war to understand how deeply they stirred the people of his State, but they were winged strongly enough to carry his reputation beyond the boundary and into other and distant parts of the Union. It must be remembered, however, that here was a young man, full of life and power, with a pleasant, frank face and manner, and with the glamour of successful leadership in war. Moreover, he was talking to his friends and neighbors, and above all to his comrades in the field, and what he said appealed to their kindliest sentiments and most glorious experiences. Senator Hawley could not arouse the State as Governor Hawley did, largely because the times are not propitious, but also because he has now been long enough in politics to have raised up enemies in his own party who have organized factions against him. There is a wide difference between the young soldier just back from the front, where he won rank and reputation, and the sixty-year-old Senator who is held to account for every post-office that goes astray, and for every creek that fails to secure an appropriation.

His administration gave him a national reputation, and he was made Chairman of the Republican Convention which was held at Chicago in 1868, when General Grant was first nominated for the Presidency. In the Convention of 1872 he was Secretary of the Committee on Resolutions, and helped to make the sound money platform which, notwithstanding a slight digression toward inflation after the panic of 1873, has ever since been the tenet of the majority of the Republican party. In this year he was first elected to Congress, and served from 1873 to 1877. He was out of Congress during one term, and returned to the House in 1879. At the end of his term, in 1881, he went to the Senate, where he is now serving his second term. It was while he was serving as a member of the House of Representatives in 1876 that he was President of the Centennial Commission. He attended to the duties of this office with the enthusiasm with which he enters upon all the work in which he feels an interest. It cannot be said that the success of the great Philadelphia Exposition was due to any one person, but the Commission needed for its head a man of Mr. Hawley's active temperament, and of the fervent patriotism which leads him to do all in his power to glorify the country. He is able to furnish the motive power of a great enterprise; whether he is qualified to conduct its details and to lead it to success by the prudent management of its minutiæ is another question.

In the Senate Mr. Hawley has made a larger figure than he made in the House. Although he has taken advanced ground on many questions, he has been always a very strict party man. Once in the House he described himself as "a Republican of the blackest dye, who believes in making the Federal law respected everywhere, at all times, and at all hazards." He was always that, but on questions on which his party has divided, he has taken sides with the section of the country from which he comes. On all questions relating to the banks and the currency he has been in favor of the national system and a sound currency. He has voted against the silver bills which from time to time have alarmed the business interests of the country, and he has been always a thorough advocate of the protective system.

The measure with which he has been principally identified since he has been a Senator is the civil service reform law. The bill, as is well known, came from a Civil Service Reform Association, and was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Pendleton. The committee, however, to which it was referred, and which adopted and reported it, was Republican. Senator Hawley was the member of the committee who was selected to manage it on the floor, and he managed it with all the skill and enthusiasm of which he is possessed, not needlessly antagonizing the opponents and enemies of the reform, and yet yielding nothing to them. He secured a very early hearing for his measure, and he kept the Senate at its work from day to day until the vote was finally taken, and the bill was sent to the House. He advocated the measure on purely business principles, on the ground that it would relieve executive officers and Congressmen from the annoying and damaging solicitation from seekers after places, and that it would bring into the public service a set of better trained men than were obtained under the system then in vogue. He took pains to dissociate himself from the "doctrinaires" and the unpractical politicians. In the course of the speech in which he opened the debate he said: "I have an unutterable contempt for the man who justifies his neglect of his public duties by talking about the dirty waters of politics. If they are dirty, and he thinks he knows what they ought to be, and that if he were controlling them they would be better, then he is a coward and next door to a moral traitor if he does not come in with all his soul, and not simply sit on the fence and scold the rest of us who are in, and who are conscious of as high and honorable motives, conscious of as devoted worship of the Constitution and the laws and the glory of our country, as any man in the republic." He did not admit that the civil service of the country was in the deplorable condition in which it was represented as being. He has always appeared to be deeply impressed with the wonderful splendor of the United States. "Sir," he said, in the speech already quoted from, "this country is not in a ruinous condition; it is the most magnificent nation that ever lived under the sun." This is not buncombe with Mr. Hawley; he believes it with all his soul and all his mind.

The civil service reform law went through the Senate substantially in the form in which it came from the committee, owing to Mr. Hawley's zealous care and watchfulness. Notwithstanding the intensity of his partisanship, which has been indicated in the speech in which he calls himself a "Republican of the blackest dye," he rose very much above partisanship in the conduct of this bill, and gave to such Democrats as Mr. Bayard and Mr. Pendleton full credit for the assistance which he received from them. Perhaps the management of the civil service law may be considered as the greatest achievement of Mr. Hawley's legislative career.

The popularity that he enjoyed in the first years of his early life has naturally not followed him through his long career. He has been in public life for twenty-two years, and in that time antagonisms have grown up, and factions led by ambitious men who are eager to succeed the Senator have had an opportunity to worm their way into the confidence of men. Still no Presidential Convention has been held by the Republican party since 1872 when Mr. Hawley has not been the first choice of some of the delegates. This time he is more generally talked of as a possibility than he has been in any other year.

In his social and domestic life Mr. Hawley is a simple man with a hearty manner. His first wife, who died a few years ago, was Miss Foote, a woman of very high character and of considerable distinction. During the war she went to the front and served in the hospitals. She had some intellectual interests which brought to her home a society that was distinguished rather than fashionable. Not long ago Mr. Hawley married a second time, and again he chose for his wife a woman who had done some active benevolent work.

WILLIAM B. DINSMORE.

The death of Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, the venerable President of the Adams Express Company, which occurred at his city home, 302 Fifth Avenue, New York, on Friday afternoon, April 20th, removes one of the ablest, most respected, and most distinguished of the men who have reaped fame and fortune from a calling in which only the highest business qualities can command success.

The vast express business of this country may trace its origin to the small carpet bag which a young man named William F. Harnden, a native of Reading, in Massachusetts, began to carry forth and back on the Long Island Sound boats, between New York and Boston, *via* Providence, exactly half a century ago. That famous travelling-bag was kept in Boston as a memorial for many years, perhaps is to-day. Mr. Dinsmore dated his own career back to these small beginnings, for it was he who joined Alvin Adams in a competition in this new field within a few years after Harnden had entered it.

Born in Boston July 24, 1810, he was sent, at the age of eleven, to work on a farm at Antrim, New Hampshire, but after a few years returned to Boston, and began his city life with a harness-maker. After a time he tried other employments. He went to Florida, and staid two years. Then he is said to have worked for a stationer in New York. But in 1840, when already thirty years old, he formed the acquaintance of Alvin Adams, who, as already noted, employed him in what was then the "carpet-bag business," as a carrier of letters and small packages, and a doer of errands for merchants and others. The route was by the Norwich boat and rail between New York and Boston, and since Harnden had already established the same service for the two cities by the Providence boat, there were "poor pickings" at first for Adams and for Dinsmore. They did not even own a wagon; but Dinsmore had a place in a basement on William Street, near Wall, where he could be found, and also took orders at New London, Norwich, and Worcester. One of the earliest indications of prosperity was hiring John Hoey, a boy employed in carrying bundles of newspapers, and so on, to the boats. Presently Adams and Dinsmore, who had become partners, formed connections with an expressman in Philadelphia; then with one in Baltimore; then came the purchase of a horse and wagon; then others; and so step by step grew up the Adams Express Company, which is said to have 8000 men and boys, and 2500 horses and 1600 wagons in its employ.

The business was fortunate in meeting an urgent public need at the right time, and managed by able men, its success was sure. Young Hoey was soon taken into the concern, and the office, which was at 7 Wall Street in 1841, was moved, ten years later, to 59 Broadway. In 1854 a great consolidation of the leading express companies—Adams & Co., Harnden & Co., Thompson & Co., and Kinsley & Co.—was effected, the joint concern being known as the Adams Express Company during the thirty-four years which have since followed. Mr. Dinsmore succeeded Mr. Adams in the presidency after a few years.

Mr. Dinsmore married, in 1842, Miss Augusta Snow, of Boston, who survives him, as do their two children, William B. and Clarence G. Dinsmore, the former of whom married a daughter of Alvin Adams, and is one of the managers of the company. While being connected with various business and social institutions in New York, and thoroughly enjoying city life in his fine house and at the club, Mr. Dinsmore took special pleasure in his beautiful farm at Hyde Park, on the Hudson, where he had the largest Alderney stock in the country. During his long life of nearly seventy-eight years Mr. Dinsmore was held in high esteem both by personal friends and by those he met in business relations. Straightforward, energetic, of cheerful temperament, clear-headed, jovial with comrades to his liking, he valued wealth for what could be got with it or done with it rather than as a matter of unused accumulation. He had good judgment in business matters, and when success was achieved did not commit the mistake of making himself a slave to routine details. He was aided in his memorable career by his fine presence, being tall and robust, and having a hearty, confident way which was impressive and attractive.

THE RENT-DAY.

The landlord was not exacting. "Befo' de wah" Daddy Hackles and Mam Amouretta "nebber know'd nuthen 'bout dish yer rents." It came in, "dish yer rents," with advancing civilization and newer responsibilities. In ole mars's time, as Hackles remembered (he was a full grown man then), so that a hand did his allotted task, after that he was free to work for himself on the plot of ground that had been given him, and the garden truck, the chickens, the eggs, he raised found a ready market at the "gre't house."

"Day nebber as mucher ax, his dish yer thrippence, fo'pence? Day nebber ax nuthen. Day jus' took um right along. Day wasn't den ony of dis yer skinflinten, a-wantin' a heap-up mejure for nuthen. Der wasn't ony of dis yer bargninin's. We wasn't dependin' on sich tings. De rabbit he eat de pea, de hog he rut up de collard; dat hu't de collard and de pea, but it nebber tetch me. Ef I hadn't as much to sell, dar was ole miss, she took kere of me. Day usen to be de time when a picken berry would 'a kep' a nigger like me. Yes, sir, jes like I tell yer."

Hackles, however, soon took in the situation, for master and servant were in the same boat. The colored man was quick to see that his former owner was now as poor as he was. They had tried it working on "sheres," but going "cahoot" did not pay. There were lazy and careless hands that would not perform their quota of labor, and so, when the crop was made and the factor's advances were paid, there was nothing left; even there was a debt, and the white partner, being responsible, had to suffer the loss. So in time Hackles and Amouretta rented a few acres, and went to work with a will. "Day jus' stratch along." Their ambitions were not great, and their anxieties not very poignant. If the cotton got the "sore shin," or the worms ate it, or frost set in, or it was hurt by the rain, and the rent was not forth-coming, they knew well enough that the owner would not turn them off.

Hackles and his wife always expected to be called upon for the little money due their master. It had to be collected. There is nothing of the Wilkie picture in Mr. Alfred Kappes's "Rent Day." There are no cakes and ale, nor close-fisted bailiffs, obsequious tenants, or the pompous dignity of the lord of the acres. The money is ready, but there is a half-dollar of a suspicious kind. Some one has passed a counterfeit on Hackles, or was it Mam Amouretta who took it in all innocence? The numismatical acquaintance these poor colored folks had with coins of the present is quite as indifferent as if they had been called upon to give an opinion on the money of the ancient Greeks. So that the half-dollar was round, looked white like silver, and had "dis yer bud" on it, these were all the points necessary. The two scrutinize the piece closely. "Shu' she bad, mars?" asks Hackles. "She no look um," adds Amouretta. Now who passed that spurious coin on these two poor souls? Who was the "shover of the queer" in this far-off section of country? "Befo' de wah folks useter be mo' honester in des yer parts," says Mam Amouretta, sententiously. Daddy Hackles remarks, philosophically: "Nigger got nowaday to kip him eye skin all de time, eberlastin'."

GRANT AT THE FRONT.

We print in this number of the Weekly a double-page illustration of General Grant in battle. The time is 1865; the scene, accordingly, the final attack on Petersburg, which resulted in the fall of that city, the abandonment of Richmond, the flight of Lee's army, and its surrender at Appomattox on the 9th of April. Grant, in Mr. Zogbaum's picture, has gone forward with his staff to satisfy himself by personal observation as to the enemy's position and as to what must be done. A member of that staff tells a story of this very series of operations, which has been made the subject of our illustration. "On the morning of the day the army captured Petersburg," runs the anecdote, as this officer tells it, "Grant stopped to write a despatch, leaning against one of the few fences left standing near a house which was being riddled by the Confederate artillery." The narrator stood near the General, "thinking between shots that it was no place for him," yet not quite seeing how he could leave while the Lieutenant-General remained. "When Grant had finished his despatch, looking around, and apparently appreciating for the first time what a hot place he was in, he quietly said, 'I don't see any use in staying here,' and moved off, closely followed by his staff, to a place where an unoccupied man could feel cooler."

There is a double suggestiveness in the title of the illustration at this moment, when a project has been set on foot to annually commemorate the 27th of April, the birthday of General Grant. That his military fame is destined to take on ampler proportions in the perspective of years, no one can doubt. Many will remember when his successes were persistently ascribed by some people to an astonishing run of luck, and when he was denounced as a drunkard, a butcher, and an ignoramus. Did his fame rest on the performances of a single campaign, had he been in subordinate capacities till the closing stages of the war, and then, when the Confederacy already showed signs of collapse, had obtained his first independent command, he might be less able to stand the test of carping criticism. But it is a singular fact that from the first moment the country heard of Grant, in the autumn of 1861, until his crowning triumph in the spring of 1865, he always commanded, on every field of battle, from Belmont to Appomattox, where he was present. It is true that during the so-called siege of Corinth in 1862—that pompous performance with which Halleck supplemented the great battle of Shiloh—Grant once, and for the only time in his career, had a superior present on the field. But there were no battles during that spading march, and Grant himself seems to have been oddly hampered and almost eclipsed in this brief unwonted position of taking instead of giving field orders. But it still remains true that his military career for the four years was such that its defects or merits are all obviously his own, and not ascribable to any superior.

Fame founded on such a basis is lasting, since it has everything to gain by tests and comparisons. Grant's characteristics as a soldier were also of the less glittering and more solid kind, made to endure. Thus the celebration of his birthday is likely to grow into a widely and more widely observed custom. And whenever in history the roll of America's great soldiers is called, we shall find "Grant at the front."

THAT GRANT EYE.

Two children swinging on a gate;
  A turkey-rooster gobbling;
While in the distance down the road
  A pensioner comes hobbling.

A donkey standing by the fence;
  Three geese, a single gander—
The little girl is Eleanor,
  The boy is Alexander.

"Where did you get that scar, old man?"
  Asked blue-eyed little Ellen.
"'Twas down on the Potomac, when
  I campaigned with McClellan."

"*How* did you get it? in what fight?"
  She asked, the tale pursuing.
"Thrown from my horse," the veteran said:
  "McClellan was reviewing."

"And what became of your left leg?"
  Asked chubby little Aleck.
"My leg!" quoth the old pensioner—
  "My leg belongs to Halleck!

"The day we entered Corinth town,
  With victory elated,
I fell into a parallel—
  My leg was amputated."

"And that patched eye?" the urchin quizzed.
  The old man looked askant.
"My eye! my eye!" The veteran smiled—
  "That eye belongs to Grant.

"Ye see, he kep' us on the march
  When he was in the West;—
The balls and bugles singen loud—
  We didn't git no rest.

"And then down in the Wilderness;—
  The shells was bustin' high—
A piece came down and rico*shayed*,
  And busted that Grant eye."

"But how could you keep fighting on
  With that one leg—the good one?"
The veteran winked his one sound eye—
  "I fooled 'em with a wood 'un."

"And which of these three ways, old man,
  Is painfulest to suffer?"
The soldier scratched his frosty head—
  "The first two ways was rougher.

"For when I lost that eye, my dears,
  'Twas near the end, ye see.
And, with my t'other fightin' eye,
  I saw the end of Lee."

"But stay, old man," called little Nell.
  "Will you please tell us why"—
The veteran had limped away—
  "You call it *that Grant eye?*"

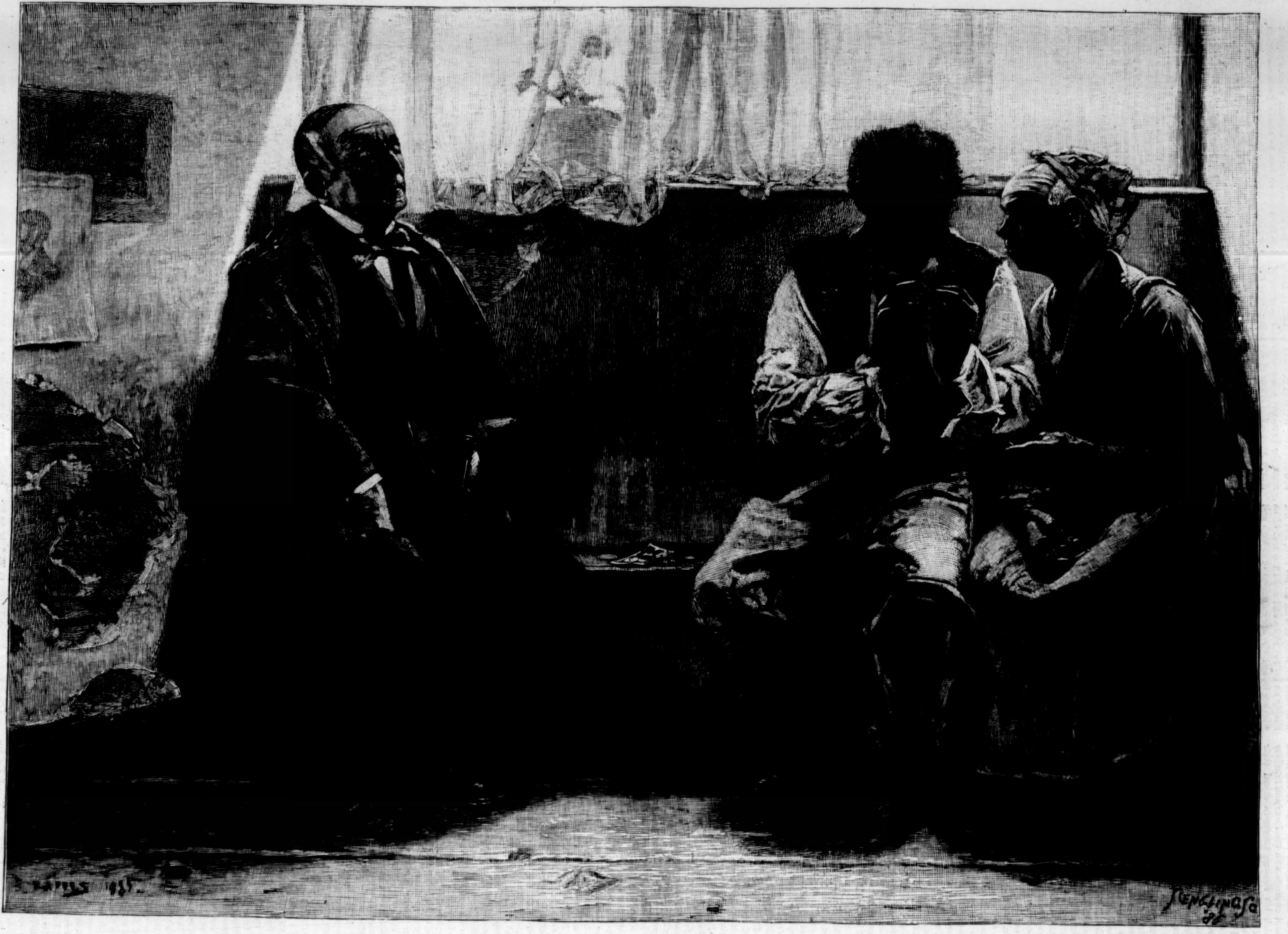
The soldier paused and looked around—
  A moment hesitated—
Then poised himself on his good leg,
  And thus the case he stated:

"Some ginerals was good strategers,
  And some was slow and steady;
Some saw the end in diggin' dirt,
  And some was never ready.

"Some waited for the ripenin' corn;
  Some saw the rebs too strong;
Some saw no way to cross the streams,
  And lines to haul too long.

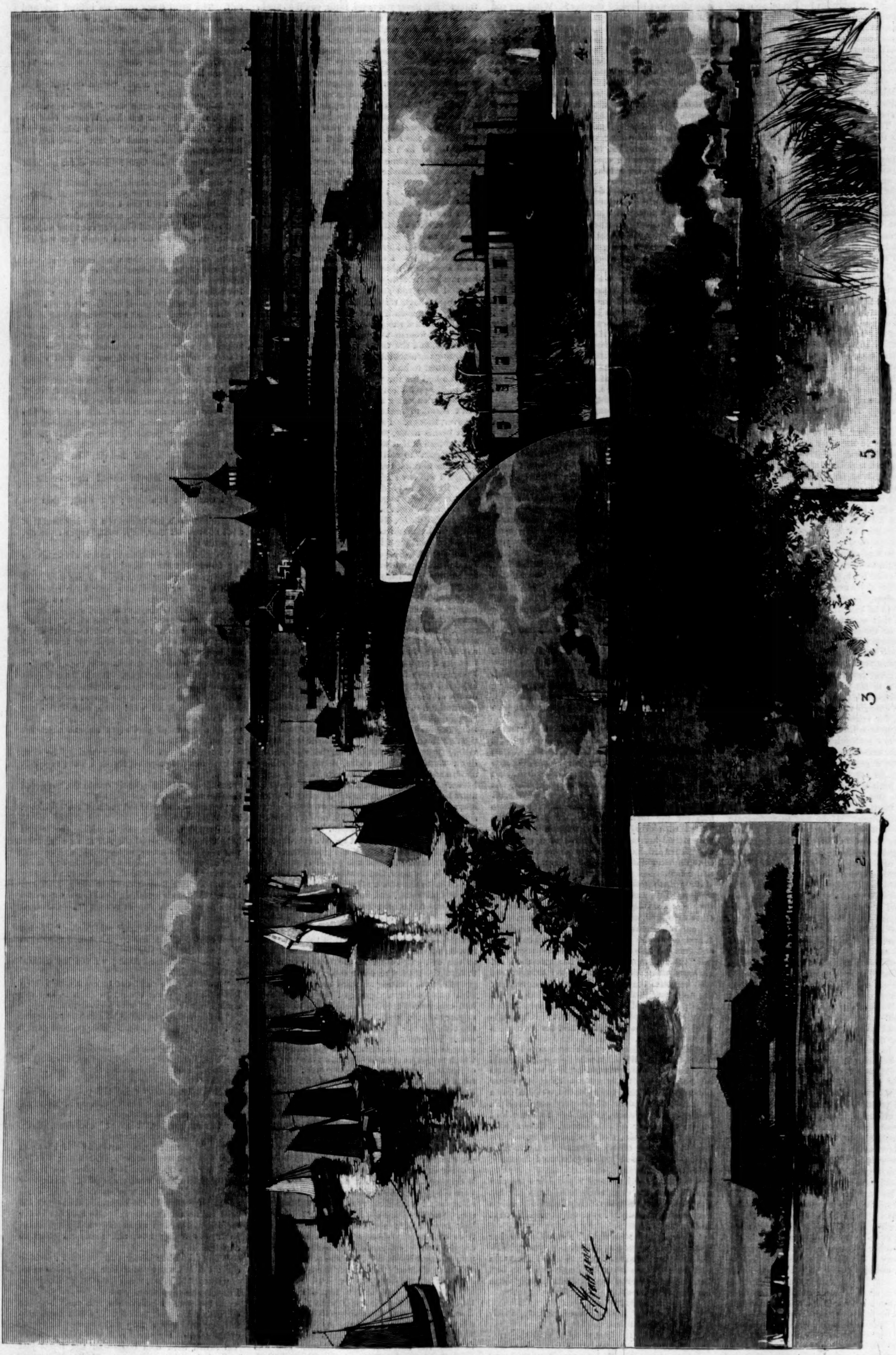
"But when it came to Gineral Grant,
  The time was *always* come;
And through the smoke of bustin' shells—
  Well, Grant—why, Grant saw *home!*"

F. A. Mitchel.



Kappes 1885.

RENT DAY.—From the Painting by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 303.]



THE ST. CLAIR RIVER AND LAKE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 307.]

1. The St. Clair River and Flats. 2. Star Island. 3. The Ship-Canal. 4. Catamaran Boat for Shooting Club. 5. Looking over the Flats.

THE RESCUE OF THE "WITCH."

"RUTH, Ruth," called her grandmother, "what are you moonin' out there fur? Put on your sunbunnet an' run down to Mary Willets's. I want to make cake, an' I 'ain't got no eggs."

Ruth turned and came in at the summons. She was a soft, pretty little thing, with hair that curled in tight tendrils wherever it could break loose, and bright, quick eyes like a bird's.

"Yes, 'm," she said, briskly, took down a basket from the kitchen wall, and stepped out into the sleepy sunshine that was flooding the outside world. As she crossed the threshold she paused a moment. The bluff where she stood stretched far out into the gleaming waters of a bay, and beyond it the ocean melted into radiant distance. Across the bay lay a town, gray and slumberous in the haze, and to the north a river, with many little coves and inlets, wound like a glittering snake into the land. The girl's glances lingered on the river; they seemed to seek some point in its far-off reaches which they could not find, so blinding was the light thrown back from the dancing ripples. "Oh, pshaw! what a dazzle!" she cried, and turned toward the lonesome road.

When her errand was done she strolled homeward slowly. The sun was behind her, and the lengthening shadows, the cooler air, the hush that had fallen over the land, all told that the day had nearly accomplished its labors, and was ready to rest awhile and take things quietly before retiring from this busy world. Ruth fancied she heard a heavy foot-fall behind her, but she would not turn to look. Had she done so, it might have been supposed that she cared who was there, when she didn't, of course—not in the least. In a minute, though, her doubts were set at rest without any sacrifice of her dignity, for some one stepped up beside her.

"Good-evening, Ruth," said a fresh, hearty voice.

It was Ned Weaver, a clever, handsome young fellow, who lived up the river with his old father. The latter had been crippled years before by a fall, and now Ned supported them both by farming their tiny bit of land, building boats, and turning his hand to odd jobs for all the neighbors.

"I thought it was you," he said, "when I see you a ways off. Been for eggs? Your grandmother beats all for cake. Let me carry the basket. It's a good thing it's gettin' a little cooler; I never knew such a spell of hot weather. It looks as if it was goin' to break now, though. We'll have rain to-morrow, if I ain't mistaken."

"Oh no!" cried Ruth, glancing about her quickly. "Why, the sky's as clear as can be."

"It's too clear," said he; "that's why I think there's goin' to be rain."

"Oh, but that would be too bad!" cried the girl—"to spoil the clam-bake an' all, when we've all set our hearts on it."

"Have you?" said he, looking at her uneasily. "I didn't s'pose you cared anything about it really. It's no great fun anyways. If it does rain, no one wants to set out in the wet; and if the sun's like this, where's the fun of settin' on those rocks? It's enough to bake you alive."

Now Ned, for reasons of his own, was most anxious to convince Ruth that the projected picnic was a very undesirable entertainment. It had been well understood that he was to escort her there, but a great-boat-race had been suddenly announced for the next day but one, and he was the master of a small sloop, the design of his brain, the work of his hands, and the pride of his heart, on which were centred all his hopes and ambitions. If he was to participate in the contest, it would take him all of the intervening day to get the *Witch* in running trim. The little regatta was to be a great event in that remote part of the world, for not only all the inhabitants were interested in it, but many of the "summer boarders," who swarmed along the coast at this season, were to witness or take part in it, and several of them had entered their own crack boats, made by builders of wide repute. If the *Witch* won in the face of all that assemblage, as he believed she would, his would be the glory and the profit that must accrue to the builder of the winning boat. There was no saying what such a victory might not bring him; in imagination he had already set his foot upon the great ladder of success, and though it might be only on the lowest round, it should go hard with him but he would climb high. And the best of it was that it was all for Ruth—it was for her that the glory was to be won, and she who was to luxuriate in the nebulous wealth to follow. It was little enough he had to offer her now—a tumble-down old house, a worm-eaten wharf, a field so poor it was scarcely worth the tilling; but then—then she should have everything. And yet at this very moment he was conducting his affairs in a manner which could not have been more nicely calculated to destroy all such entrancing visions. What good would it do him if his boat outsailed all the rest, if he sold her at some great profit, and had countless orders for building others, if Ruth herself grew cold and would have none of him? And wherefore, when he saw her face overcast, could he not tell her plainly what were the hopes that lured him away, and why he cared more to see the *Witch's* white sails flying before all her rivals than he did even to sit at his sweetheart's side among the other country youths and maidens, and idle away a day in the sea-breeze and the sun? But, unhappily for him, he had set his mind on telling her his tale when the race was over and won, when he could come as a conqueror and lay the trophies at her feet. Therefore it was that he was now endeavoring, diplomatically as he supposed, to convince her that she herself did not care to go to the picnic. It was a foolish device, for Ruth knew but only too well what she really wanted, and he only succeeded in making her suspect, with rising anger and mortification, that he did not wish to accompany her.

She looked up with a quick flash of the eyes. "Ah," she cried, "perhaps you don't care about being so uncomfortable yourself! Do you know any nicer way to spend the day? What did you think you might do if you didn't go to the picnic?"

"I?" answered the simple youth, rushing straight into the jaws of destruction; "oh, I thought, if you didn't care to go, I'd sail the *Witch* over to the race. All these summer people are goin' to be there, and it 'll be a big thing. But there isn't one of their boats I'm afraid of; the *Witch* can beat 'em all. I tell you she's a beauty."

"Oh, she's a beauty, is she?" said the ominously self-possessed young woman at his side; "I supposed she must be, you're so much attached to her. I remember once before when I asked you to sail me over to town, you said you couldn't leave the *Witch*."

"Oh, Ruth," he said, deprecatingly, for he was beginning to feel a vague uneasiness at her tone, "you know that was when she was just in the stays, and ready for launching: I couldn't leave her then—why, she might have been ruined without a moment's warning if I wasn't there to ease her off right. I couldn't go. You know how bad I felt."

"No, I don't know at all how bad you felt, Mr. Weaver," cried Ruth; and when she raised her flaming eyes to his he saw at once that some incomprehensible disaster had overtaken him. "I don't know at all, but I can't see as it makes any difference. I hope you'll enjoy the sail, I'm sure, and that you'll have reason to be proud of the *Witch*. You needn't distress yourself about me either. Johnny Hopkins was askin' me to go to the picnic with him last night, and I was quite troubled I had to say no. He'll be delighted to have me change my mind, I know."

"Ruth," cried the young man, horrified, "what is the matter? Why are you angry? Why, I'll go to the picnic in a moment if you really want me to. I never thought you'd care."

This was too much. "If I want you to!" exclaimed the incensed girl. "No, I don't want you to. And I don't care either. It'll be pleasanter without you—a good sight."

"What have I done?" he cried, half angry, and utterly confused. "Why, what do you suppose I want to sail that race for? You don't suppose I'd rather go sailin' than go with you, do you? Why, you *know* I'm doin' it for you, Ruth!"

Ruth laughed at him. "Doin' it for me, are you?" she said. "Then you might as well leave it undone, for I promise you it 'll make very little difference to me whether you go sailin' day after to-morrow or not. And now my way turns off here, so I'll say good-mornin' to you, Mr. Weaver. I wish you a fair wind and good fortune for the race."

"Wait, wait, Ruth!" he called. "Don't leave me like that!"

"Oh, you must excuse me," she answered, airily, and in another moment she was gone, tripping quickly along the edge of the low bluff, a light, graceful little figure, sharply cut against the pale yellow-blue sky.

Young Weaver watched her in despair. "Well, now I've done it!" he muttered; and yet what it was he had done he did not know. She was so angry that she would never forgive him, because he was not going to the picnic, and yet it was all for her sake that he wanted to stay away. It was unreasonable of her to be angry, but the reflection that it was unreasonable did not console him for the fact. Miserable, discouraged, disgusted with everything, and especially himself, he watched her out of sight, and then went heavily homeward, hardly giving a glance as he passed to the slim *Witch*, pulling at her anchor on the rising tide.

Poor Ruth went home still angrier and still sadder. This was all it meant, then! Ned Weaver had constantly sought her out; he had seemed to care for nothing and nobody but her. Every one said he was "payin' her great attention." Worst of all, he had won from her kind looks and gentle words; all the neighbors knew how she "favored him," and this, *this* was the end! He cared more for a boat-race than he did to be with her, and the delight of being observed by the "summer boarders" was greater than the insipid pleasures of her society. She had known for a long time past how his mind dwelt on his new boat; she had jested at him for giving his whole heart to it.

"It's lucky I found out in time how much better he likes the *Witch* than he does me," she said to herself, with angry tears. "He's as selfish as he can be. He never gave a thought to how pleasant it was goin' to be for me, traipsin' down to the picnic all alone, when everybody knew I'd meant to go with him, an' all the time my lord off on the water pleasure-sailin'. He's a self-seekin' young man, that's what he is, an' it's lucky for me I'm off with him, anyway. It'll be a long day before he gets a good word from *me*, I can tell him."

She tossed her head and wiped her eyes, and pushed back the close curly locks from her hot forehead. But the pain in her heart was not to be set aside so easily. It was only worse the next morning.

"There! Ned was right," she called to her grandmother when she opened her eyes and saw the dripping window-panes: she had forgotten that Ned was no longer to be an oracle to her. But she remembered it with a sharp pang when her grandmother asked,

"Why, what did Ned say?"

"Oh, nothin'," she answered, shortly, "only that it was goin' to rain to-day."

"Why, that's too bad, surely," said the sympathetic old woman, "when you an' Ned was goin' together, too. My! I remember how awful bad I felt once when your gran'ther an' I was goin' together to just such a clam-bake. We was goin' over to Pask Island too, an' it come on to storm so we hed to give the hull thing up. I don' know as I ever felt so disappointed about anything. But never you mind, Ruth, you'll go again another day. It isn't goin' to rain all summer."

"Oh, I don't care," said the girl; "I'd just as lieves not go. I dare say it wouldn't 'a been very pleasant. It isn't much fun to set out on them rocks in the bakin' sun anyway."

The old woman looked at her in surprise for a moment, and then went about her work. "I better let her be," she muttered; "somethin's riled her, an' girls is best let alone."

The day grew drearier as it went on. The rain poured down a steady stream; low ragged clouds swept over the sky, and toward afternoon the wind began to rise. A neighbor passing by stopped to beg some herbs for his wife.

"Em'ly thinks she can't live without life-everlastin' tea," he said; "she's the hull time stewin' it an' drinkin' it. I sh'd think it 'd get her insides clean soaked through, but she says she must hev it if she's goin' to pull through at all, an' her stock's about used up. I don' know why she didn't lay up more when she knew what store she set by it. I know the crop didn't run short up on the hills. I told her it seemed as if the Lord knew how necessary life-everlastin' was to her insides, He always provided such a sight of it free. I hope you got some, for I guess I don't dare to go back without it. Seems as if she'd hev to hev it, even if I catched my death runnin' round in the rain to git it."

The old woman went off to the attic to fetch her herbs, and the visitor talked on to Ruth, disregarding the ostentatious indifference with which she listened to him.

"Too bad for the young folks it should storm so's to disapp'int 'em of their picnic," he remarked, politely choosing a congenial subject. "Rain don't seem to make much difference to Ned Weaver, though. I see him an hour ago, when I went by his house, workin' away at that cranky boat of hisn 's if it was all clear sunshine. Said he was goin' to sail her at the race to-morrer. He seems to think the world an' all o' that *Witch*, though I will say she's the queerest model ever *I* see. He hed to go down to town this afternoon to git some bolts to go on her for the race. My! I don't envy him the wettin' he's goin' to git. Oh! there you be, Mis' Marvin. Well, I'm sure Em'ly 'll be dreadful obliged to you. This 'll keep her goin' for a little while longer, I guess."

Ruth went to the door and looked after him. He did not turn toward his home, but went on up the road, perhaps to procure something else essential to the continued existence of Em'ly. His wet oil-skins gleamed in the dull light; the rain poured off his hat brim in little streams; his heavy coat flapped in the wind, which blew in gusts. For a moment it would be still, like a tiger crouching for the spring, and then with a wild hiss swoop upon the low twisted trees that grew back of the bluff. Poor things! their lives had been full of such vicissitudes, and they expected nothing better. Out on the bay the crests of the leaden waves were white. They rose and fell tumultuously, and seemed to stretch long liquid arms toward the sea, whither the furious gale was driving them. Ruth shivered, and then strained her eyes to see something, dimly visible through the mist of rain, that was coming down from the river above, rising and falling aimlessly upon the billows and courtesying to the blasts. It was the *Witch* drifting out to sea. She must have broken from the anchor after Ned left her, and before he was back she would be out of sight on the stormy ocean. He would never see her again, or, if he did, it would be as a broken useless wreck. Ruth's heart ached at the thought of his coming back to find the boat gone. She could not endure it; and she pulled a shawl from a hook by the door, tied it about her quickly, and ran down to the shore. The skiff that lay there was full of water, and she had to drag it up on shore and overturn it before she could venture out. Then she pushed it off and leaped in. As long as she was in the lee of the bluff all was quiet, but in another moment she was out in the fierce commotion of the waters. She set all her strength to the oar, and rowed in the teeth of the gale toward the spot where she could see her white, graceful rival drifting seaward through the rain, with many swift plunges and coy returns, as if half uncertain whether to yield or not to the mad urgency of the wind. The tide was setting up the river, or the girl never could have held her own. The gusts lifted the tiny boat in invisible arms and turned it about, and the crazy waves which rose on every side seemed on the very point of leaping into the skiff beside her; their salt foam covered her hands, but she had no time to brush it off. Her breath was spent when at last the row-boat reached its goal, and lay tossing up and down as she made the *Witch's* anchor rope fast to its stern. Then she turned toward the shore. She no longer had to face the wind, for she had passed on her way a little cove where, if she could but reach it, the *Witch* would be safe. But her strength and courage were nearly gone. Whenever she rested for a moment the boats were blown seaward together, and the *Witch* pulled against her as if angry at the unwelcome rescue. She dared not use her strength to turn and look behind her; she had taken her bearings from the opposite shore, and by them she rowed doggedly on. She panted and sobbed, the tears poured down her cheeks, but she never stopped; and then suddenly before her misty eyes there shot out a long sedgy point. She was at the mouth of the cove, and a few more strokes brought her prize into still water. She went slowly up the cove till she reached an old bent tree which grew close to the shore. Here she knotted the *Witch's* long painter fast, and set off to walk the half-mile to her home. She was tired, beaten, and dulled with the rain and wind, and in no way proud of what she had done. In fact she felt a little ashamed of the achievement, now that it was accomplished, and worried as to how she should account for it, and let Ned know where the boat was without compromising herself. The fitful gusts came up behind her, and hurried her on her way; she was wet to the skin with the driving rain: a more unhappy little figure could scarcely have been imagined. As she half walked, half ran, she saw a tall lank figure coming toward her, and recognized the seeker for herbs. He stopped to speak to her.

"My sakes!" he cried; "what be you out in such a storm for?"

"I—I had to go out a ways," she stammered. "And, say, will you tell Ned Weaver that his boat's over in West Cove? He'll miss her, an' won't know what's come of her. I—I see her there just now."

"See her in West Cove? How come his boat in West Cove?"

"She must 'a got adrift," said Ruth, blushing hotly. "You'll see her yourself as you go by. Say—you needn't tell him I told you."

The man gave a quick, sidelong glance at the rain-soaked clothes and blushing face, and nodded kindly, but before he could speak she was off again.

The next morning the wind came clear and sharp out of the northwest, driving flocks of white clouds over the sky; the sun shone on glancing foam-flecked waves, and a tiny fleet, like a troop of white butterflies, sailed out from the wharves of the old town. Sunset saw them coming slowly home on a dying breeze, with sails spread to catch each breath of air. Laughter and merry voices from the decks resounded across the bay, even to the gray old house on the bluff where Ruth stood and watched.

"They must hev hed a reel good time," said the old grandmother; and Ruth nodded, for if she had spoken she would have cried.

It was hours after that, as she stood in the dusky garret, loosening some long strings of apples from their fastening, she suddenly heard Ned Weaver's voice.

"Where's Ruth, Mis' Marvin," he said; "I want to see her."

"Ruth," Mrs. Marvin called up the steps, "here's Ned askin' for you."

"I can't see him now; I'm busy," said the girl.

"He says he's got to see you to-night, an' if it ain't convenient now, he'll wait," replied the old woman's voice.

"Well, it ain't convenient, and it ain't goin' to be; he needn't wait," cried Ruth, sharply.

The grandmother went back to the door, and Ruth heard her speak, and Ned make some response. Then all was still. Mrs. Marvin stepped back into the kitchen, and the girl upstairs could hear her "reddyin' up" for the night. It had not needed much to send Ned away, thought Ruth; he had evidently not been very anxious to see her, after all. Probably he wanted to tell her about the race, and pass over the quarrel as a matter of no importance. It would have been more civil if he had been a little more concerned. How hot and close the garret seemed, and how tiresome it all was! She went down the dark, narrow stairs, and stepped to the open door to get a breath of cool night air, and there sat Ned on the door-step.

"I thought you were never coming," he said. "Come out here a piece, Ruth; I want to speak to you."

She followed him silently out to the road, and then he turned upon her quickly.

"I want you should tell me how the *Witch* got into West Cove," he cried.

He could not have said anything that would have more embarrassed the girl at his side. She was ready to be angry, unforgiving, unapproachable in every other direction; but of having saved her rival from destruction, she was unaffectedly ashamed. She looked down at the ground, and twined her hands together; but silence was worse than anything, so she answered, "I—she must 'a got adrift."

"I know she got adrift," said Ned. "I found what chafed off the rope. But how come she in West Cove? Did you see her?"

"Yes," stammered Ruth; "I see her driftin' down the bay."

"She'd 'a gone right out to sea if she'd been left to drift. What I want to know is how she come into the cove, an' who tied her to that tree."

"I thought if you cared so much for the race, it was a pity you should be disappointed of it," said Ruth, petulantly.

"Did *you* bring her in?" he cried.

"Yes, I did, an' you needn't think anything of it either," said Ruth, turning toward the house. But she took only one step.

"Needn't tell *me*," cried the young man, and he gathered the tiny figure right up in his arms, and kissed the flushed cheek.

"Let me go, Mr. Weaver!" exclaimed Ruth, haughtily, but he only laughed.

"No," he said; "why should I? If I let you go, mebbe you won't come back. Wait: I've got good news to tell you. If you saved the *Witch*, you ought to hear what come of it. Ruth, how could you do it? It was an awful gale. You might have gone to the bottom in that crazy old skiff an' nobody known it." He held her closer to him, and kissed again the dark short curls. Ruth was crying now, and made no effort to escape.

"You liked her better than you did anything else; I didn't want you to lose her," she sobbed.

"Ruth!" he cried, "you know why I liked her. I meant she should bring me all I want, an' all I want is—you. I believe she will, too," he went on, lifting his head proudly. "I didn't mean to tell you till I saw if they really come; but three of the men of the yacht club was there—two of 'em sailed their own boats—an' the *Witch* just walked away from every one of 'em. You never see such a clean beat. They none of 'em knew how to go at all alongside of her. An' all the men were praisin' her, after the race was over, an' shakin' hands with me, an' askin' about her; an' what do you think, but one o' them fellows give me an order, right on the spot, to build him a boat double her size, as quick as I could get her done. An' the other standin' beside him says, says he, 'Yes, an' if she's as clever a sailer as the *Witch*, I'll be hanged but you shall build me a bigger one yet,' says he. My fortune's as good as made, Ruth. I'll never want for work, with a start like that. There's only one thing I'll want now—an' that's what I've been wantin' for a long weary time. I've been waitin' an' workin' all these years for you. I've risen early and gone to rest late, an' worked hard the day through for you, an' I've never tired, thinkin' it was all bringin' me nearer to you at the end." He stopped a moment, and his voice trembled. "It's for you to say if I shall have my wish!" he cried; and then, without waiting for an answer, he bent and kissed her again.

What could Ruth say but "Yes"?

Zoe Dana Underhill.

ON AND AROUND THE ST. CLAIR RIVER.

Smallest link in the great chain of unsalted seas of North America, Lake St. Clair is important to the world chiefly because it forms a part of the wonderful water-way from the Atlantic to the great sources of supply of the country. If it were not necessary to pass through it to reach Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, or the rich wildernesses of the Lake Superior region, few persons beyond its immediate neighborhood would know anything of Lake St. Clair. But, as a part of nature's highway, it has its great importance, and this has been recognized perforce by the nation.

Only some sixty miles in length and about the same in width, it is fed by the St. Clair River, a tortuous, shallow stream that flows through a bed of alluvial deposit, which it has washed down in the unnumbered ages since the shores were twenty miles back from where they are now. This river has formed a delta, or rather a cluster of deltas, where it empties into the lake, and these are so obstructive to the channel that it was found necessary more than twenty years ago to build a ship-canal from the river to the lake. This was built by the United States government, though it lies in Canadian territory, and is maintained as a free channel. The original work made a channel thirteen feet deep and 300 feet wide, but in 1873 the middle of the canal to a width of 100 feet was deepened by three feet more, so that now, as in the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, there is free passage for vessels drawing sixteen feet of water.

The dikes of the canal, which is rather more than a mile in length, were formed by dumping the sand and loam which were excavated into crib pockets of timber, resting on the original bottom of the shoals. [illegible]ese were protected by sheet piling. The soil was so soft and wet that in 1874 and 1875 willow-trees were planted on both dikes, in order that their roots should form a net-work to hold the work in place. They answered the purpose admirably, and while thus proving useful, they also added greatly to the beauty of a wild scene, as may be seen in our illustrations. The entire cost of construction and maintenance has been not far from three-quarters of a million of dollars, and the work is justly entitled by the Engineer-in-Chief of the United States one of the utmost importance to the nation.

To sportsmen the region has long been known as a paradise. Wide-stretching flats, shallow waters, and wildernesses of reeds make a region of delight to him whose soul yearneth for ducks, and devious channels are a joy to the wielder of a rod and reel. The most enthusiastic anglers are apt to go farther and fare better, for beyond the St. Clair, up through the great ship-canal of the Sault Ste. Marie, lies Whitefish Bay, which is the lower end of Lake Superior, and there some of the best fishing in the world may be had. But to the angler who is also a gunner the St. Clair region is most tempting, and numerous sporting clubs in Detroit have their club-houses there. They do not differ from houses of the kind elsewhere, but they are easily accessible by the main channel of travel, though they are lonely enough in location. Numerous islands, like Star Island, have been bought and improved by these clubs, and serve as delightful summer homes for the members and their families.

The huge catamarans that are used by the sportsmen in exploring the small streams and the lonely lagoons and morasses hereabout are constructed on the plan of the famous old-time Mississippi steamer in one important particular, for they will travel "wherever a light dew has fallen." They are roomy and comfortable, and serve as floating homes sometimes for an entire season. The sport, however, is mostly found in punting, and during the season hundreds of these little boats go poking about in the watery ground on either side of the river, and the crack! crack! of the shot-gun is the crack of doom to many a duck and goose.

The ground is overgrown with reeds, many of them being eight and ten feet high, and even higher, so that it is exceedingly easy to get lost, for a man standing in a boat can by no means see where he is. Many stories are told of over-confident sportsmen venturing out without guides, and getting lost within a mile or less of their club-houses. The reeds are a source of danger in another way also, for the sportsman who chances to fall overboard is tolerably certain to be tangled in the roots of the reeds, and if help is not close at hand he stands a fair chance of being drowned.

More fishing than shooting is done, however, and the supply of game fish seems inexhaustible. Bass of different kinds, pickerel, pike, and sturgeon abound. A favorite sport is deep trolling for pike and pickerel. A weight sufficient to keep the line at the bottom is used, and the hook floats a couple of feet above. This being dragged through the water is certain to attract the voracious fish, which is game enough and strong enough to make a hard fight for life after he has been struck.

The sporting clubs of Detroit have multiplied in late years, and every summer now sees the erection of one or more large fine club-houses, all generally resembling the one shown in the first picture. They all rest upon made ground, and are all on the Michigan side of the river. A large amount of capital has been invested in this kind of property, and many of the clubs represent in their membership a great amount of wealth.

TO THE STAGE-STRUCK, AND OTHERS.

I suppose the stage offers the only employment in the world of which it is impossible to fix deeply in the general mind a clear idea of realities. There is absolutely no romance in the life behind the curtain. Actors and actresses are very ordinary human clay; their business is very prosaic and exacting; they have to endure, especially in this country, hardships compared with which the life of any decently fed and sheltered animal is very often luxury; and except in a limited rank they are very poorly paid. Yet a vast number of people who know nothing of the stage except the illusion of the play persist in believing, or acting as if they believed, that the player's existence is one of more than mortal joy. They worry every one who has any influence with players for admission to this elysium. They exaggerate or distort some quality in a devoted friend or beloved offspring which promises fame and fortune in the theatre. And they go about this business with just as much discretion as a person who tries to get through a quagmire with his gaze on a mountain-top.

Now to the fond mothers, injudicious fathers, emotional maidens, callow youths, and the flotsam and jetsam who regard the stage as the last refuge of the indigent, it is quite useless to say that their eternal petition is a nuisance. They will never be satisfied that their failure to get engagements for themselves or others is not due to the malignity of people in authority, or to the depravity of those who usurp the rights of honest virtue. I know one excellent lady whose fixed belief it is that managers turn a deaf ear to her appeals because they prefer to engage immoral women. She has written many letters to this effect in a long course of years, and I dare say she has made many sympathizers believe that her genius is the victim of gilded vice. If the social prejudice against the stage which still lingers in some sections of the community could be thoroughly analyzed, much of it, I have no doubt, would be traced to grotesque gossip of this kind. Immorality is a very fitful phase of theatrical life, and on the whole it is much less conspicuous than the envy, malice, and all uncharitableness which compose nine-tenths of the moral censorship of society. The infinite capacity for bearing false witness is usually the entire stock in trade of persons who chatter about the wickedness behind the scenes. I have heard of a guild of ladies in New York who bind themselves by a solemn pledge never to say anything of others without first asking themselves: "Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?" This idea may be rather utopian in practice, but if it commanded nothing more than a general show of respect, there might be an increase of saving grace even in many pulpits.

It is the common complaint of this struggling mob at the stage-door that there is no clear and precise answer to the question, "How am I to become an actor?" Other arts and vocations offer tolerably definite conditions for the training and advancement of the novice and a well-lighted avenue to success; but the perpetual wail of the histrionic embryo is that he can find no incubating stimulus in the general chaos. There is nothing but a weary round of useless prayers to managers who will not make appointments to listen to his delivery of "The boy stood on the burning deck." Shoals of photographs and acres of press opinions attest the abilities which have shone in amateur theatricals, and yet the manager is as inexorable as Baal to his devotees. "Peradventure he sleepeth," is the cry of the crowd, and so he is deluged with reminders from morning till night. But the truth is that he cannot give any portion of his time to monomaniacs. The percentage of really capable applicants is so small that it is not worth his while to separate the wheat from the chaff. Moreover, it is extremely difficult to distinguish actual merit. A recitation by a nervous girl is no test of capacity, and the manager may dissuade genuine talent from its proper career; or he may run the risk of exciting false hopes, and depriving some humble but useful occupation of a worthy if not luminous intelligence.

Only a practical experience of theatrical administration can give any adequate idea of the hopeless incompetence and the manifold crazes which fill the manager's waste-paper basket. "My daughter," writes a fond mother, "has a wonderful memory. I should like you to hear her repeat all Juliet's speeches. I would not let her go into any company but yours, for she has been very well brought up. She has admired you since she was quite a little girl, and has all your photographs." Who can persuade this maternal pride that these qualifications are quite irrelevant? "I am just turned twenty-two," says an aspiring youth. "Height, five feet four inches. I am in the cashier's office in an India-rubber warehouse, and my employer will speak well for me. I have always been fond of the play, and can fence a little. I should be content with a small part at first." This modest anxiety not to be cast for Hamlet or Othello at once is quite abundant. Another genius is very strongly equipped. "I am a university man, and have a good classical knowledge. I have travelled a good deal, and know French and German, at least colloquially. An excellent appointment has been offered me at Singapore, but I feel the stage is my real vocation. P.S.—I am rather strong in mathematics." These are genuine examples, culled at random, almost in the original language, from a great variety of epistles. The gentleman who disdains the excellent appointment at Singapore, and proposes to apply his mathematics to the drama, represents a common form of frenzy. The number of people who have given up good positions, in which they were at least harmless, to seek glory on the stage, is appalling. The worst of it is that this step is often taken quite late in life, and anything more melancholy than the attempt of middle age to blossom behind the foot-lights it is difficult to conceive.

It is natural enough that all this folly should have the strongest attraction for womankind. The proportion of people who cannot distinguish between good acting and bad is so great that it is not surprising to find a girl with any pretension to good looks encouraged to imagine that she possesses the true dramatic instinct. As a matter of fact, this instinct is extremely rare. It is not taste, nor intelligence, nor education of any kind, but a purely natural endowment which these qualifications may aid, though they cannot create. There are women on the stage who have not this gift in the slightest degree, and yet they are applauded by the very section of society which is always deploring the low tastes of the masses. Captain Costigan's daughter had very fine eyes, a graceful person, and no mind, and she could learn enough, parrot-like, to charm young men in the ecstasies of sentimental noodledom and the imbecile aristocrat who married her. Variations of Miss Fotheringay's career are constantly before us. For a pretty woman with a host of admirers and an effective wardrobe the stage is simply a show supported by people who are as grossly ignorant of the elements of dramatic art as an inarticulate animal. I question whether the interest of the social loungers in the pranks of fashionable beauty in elaborate costumes is a jot more refined than the most primitive amusement of the most plebeian throng. The curiosity which makes trade for the tattooed man and the bearded lady is quite as elevating.

It may be urged that even if the dramatic instinct is so rare, the stage must have recruits. To this I would reply, first, that there are enough bad actors and actresses on the stage already, struggling for a precarious living; and secondly, that of the vast mass of material which clamors for a trial very little can be fashioned even into a tolerable mediocrity; thirdly, that the theatrical families—that is, the people who are born and brought up in a theatre—furnish the best rank and file of the manager's army, and some of the most conspicuous ornaments of the stage; and lastly, that the growing demand for thoroughly organized companies narrows the field for everything except real talent. If every man and woman who wants to enter the dramatic profession were to turn their attention to other callings, no interest would be any the worse, though there might be a slight reduction in the revenues of the Post-office. I had nearly forgotten, however, the photographers and the teachers of elocution. There might be fewer pictures of posing vanity, and the passion of incompetence for theatrical exhibition would not employ so many professors of a most illusory art. Elocution is generally taught to people who have no dramatic sense of what they articulate, and who acquire all the vices of a school without any of the virtues of independence. No affliction is so terrible as these pupils of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. They fix you with a vacant eye, and recite "To be, or not to be," till you think that Hamlet's forecast of the nightmares after death was a poor argument against suicide. Such a performance is like an attempt to make the living verse of Shakespeare a little more alive by means of a stomach-pump. I remember listening in Chicago one night to a gentleman who volunteered Hamlet's soliloquy to a festive company, but could not utter a word till he had marched solemnly round a billiard-table. I was sorry to say he was interrupted several times by shouts of mirth, but he refused to go on with the speech till he had resumed that majestic walk. It was just as indispensable to his delivery as the tricks which most amateurs learn from teachers of elocution as substitutes for intellectual penetration and genuine feeling.

To sum up, then, I would refer the young man who asks, "How am I to become an actor?" to Talleyrand's famous reply to the gentleman who said that he must live. The impulse toward the stage is generally foolish. It springs very often from the same conditions which make boys run away to sea—an enterprise which is vastly more promising than the ambition to tread the boards. The frantic appeal of many a young woman to a theatrical manager is often caused by unhappiness at home or a tiff with a lover. She rushes to the theatre, as other disordered creatures rush to the river. I have heard girls say: "What am I to do, then? I must make a livelihood, and I don't want to be a governess." Whether it is better to teach what you do not know, or to strive to learn something for which you are thoroughly unfitted, is a problem which I do not pretend to discuss. Here, at all events, is an inexorable law, the disregard of which has overcrowded the lower ranks of the dramatic profession to such an extent that the life of many an actor is an interminable vista of poverty.

L. F. Austin.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Our orchards laugh with their bloom run over,
A flashing wing like a sail cuts the air;
There's a faint red ripple of sweet-topped clover,
And a liquid note
From a song-bird's throat,
And a dew-drop shine in the morning fair.

There's a plume and flutter of wings that wave,
A fine soft murmur steals through the grass;
A myriad insects hum and quaver,
And to and fro
As the wood-nymphs go,
The young brakes curl where their footsteps pass.

The morns are rich with the hues of roses,
The wine of the winds flows full and free;
When the sun drops down and the daylight closes
We hear the beat
Of the fairies' feet,
As they hang the wands of the willow-tree.

Now Phyllis starts in the morning early,
With her shining bucket and milking-stool;
While her strong hands urge the white stream pearly
She eyes the gate
For a comer late,
Who saunters down in the shadows cool;

Who, sauntering, whistles an idle measure,
Then clears with a bound the brown rails' top.
Her eyes shine bright with a greeting pleasure,
But the dun cow's gaze
Is of mild amaze,
When the pearly stream and the whistling stop.

Ah, spring's but once in the year's procession;
She comes with glee and a laughing grace
That wins our hearts in a full possession:
We too are gay
When she smiles this way,
And care slips off when we see her face.

Estelle Thomson.

ARUNAH S. ABELL.

Prominent among the pioneers of American journalism were three men—Arunah S. Abell, Azariah H. Simmons, and William M. Swain; and with the death of Mr. Abell, which occurred on the 19th of April, the last of this trio has departed.

Mr. Abell was born in East Providence, Rhode Island, in 1806. He came from good English stock. His grandfather had served during the Revolutionary war, and his father had been an officer in the war of 1812. Mr. Abell began life as a clerk. In 1822 he was an apprentice in the office of the Providence *Patriot*. Here he became thoroughly efficient, understanding all the details of a printing-office. He removed first to Boston and then to New York, where he found employment. Among his acquaintances were two practical men, printers like himself, and the three formed the project of founding a penny paper in New York city. It was Mr. Abell who, believing that the ground in New York was covered, suggested Philadelphia as likely to offer the best chances for success. With his associates, the firm being Swain, Abell, & Simmons, he proposed to publish a daily penny paper in Philadelphia, to be called the *Times*. The name was changed to the *Public Ledger*, the first number of which appeared March 25, 1836. For the first few weeks its success was doubtful, and the enterprise came near abandonment, but Mr. Abell believed in its future, and very soon the *Public Ledger* was established on a firm paying basis.

In 1837 Mr. Abell went to Baltimore. He thought it feasible to establish a paper there like the *Ledger*. On the 17th of May, 1837, the first Baltimore *Sun* was printed, and it was successful from the start. In a twelvemonth the *Sun* had the largest circulation in Baltimore. The paper soon outran its original quarters, and in 1839 was moved to a larger building. In 1851 it occupied the present *Sun* office, at the corner of Gay and Baltimore streets. In 1864 Mr. Abell disposed of his interests in the *Ledger*, and devoted his whole attention to the *Sun*, of which he became, four years later, the sole proprietor.

During his long and industrious life he held the highest conceptions of what were journalistic duties. He aspired to gain the confidence of the readers of the *Sun* by his love of truth, and the desire to further the general welfare of the people. He had the most sovereign contempt for sensationalism, scandal, and petty gossip. Independent in politics, he always tried in the *Sun* to consider what were the true interests of the people of this country, not of Baltimore or of Maryland alone, but of the whole of the United States. He had the true spirit of enterprise, and the success of many important mechanical inventions was due to his intelligent support. His firm was the first to adopt the great Hoe rotary printing machines. He believed in the practicability of the electric telegraph, and the first extended despatch over the temporary line between Baltimore and Washington was the President's message printed in the *Sun*. The most graceful of all compliments to personal worth was paid Mr. Abell on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the founding of the Baltimore *Sun*, which event took place on May 17th of last year. On that day Mr. Abell associated in business with himself his three sons—Messrs. Edwin, George, and Walter Abell.

Mr. Abell had, above all, a well-balanced mind. Paying the strictest attention to his business, he had many endearing and affectionate qualities. All Baltimore entertained kindly thoughts of him, for Mr. Abell was honest, careful of his word, and keenly alive to what he thought the true interests of the city. It is not Baltimoreans alone who honor the man, for there can hardly be a journalist in the country who is not familiar with his name, and does not respect him for that career he so long and honorably followed.

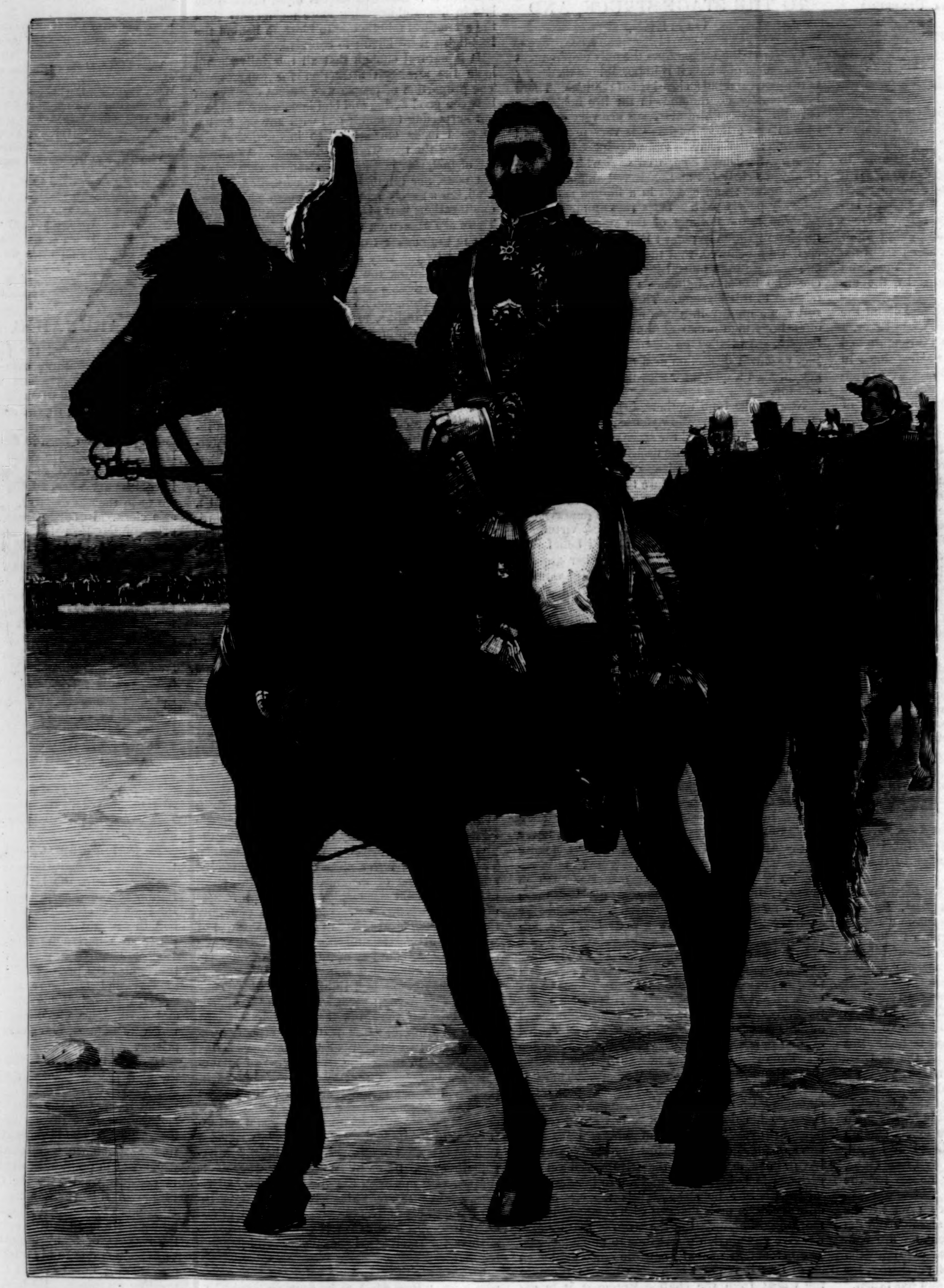
THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

The Frenchman of our day who is talked about and thought about more than any other is General Boulanger. Born in 1837, the son of a French lawyer at Rennes, who had married a young English woman, and had become Inspector of a Nantes Insurance Company, he was educated at St.-Cyr, and appointed a Sub-Lieutenant in the First Algerian Tirailleurs. Under Randon, in 1857, he took part in the Kabyle expedition and the attack on the Irdjetes Heights. The Italian campaign followed, and on June 3, 1859, at the Turbigo skirmish, he was shot through the chest, the wound and his bravery bringing him the Cross of the Legion of Honor and a Sardinian decoration. Promoted to be Lieutenant, he went with his company, in 1861, to Cochin China, and there was wounded in the thigh by an Annam lance at Traidan. The next year he was promoted to be Captain, and in 1866 served as drill instructor at St.-Cyr. By that time he had married and had two daughters, Yvonne and Mimi. The war with Germany in 1870 gave him the grade of Major, quickly followed by that of Lieutenant-Colonel; but he was in garrison at Nantes, and not until after Sedan was he ordered to Paris, just before the siege. There, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 114th Infantry, he was engaged at Champigny, and wounded in the shoulder. The January following, as Colonel of his regiment, he received a bullet in the elbow, and was mentioned for bravery, and made Commander of the Legion of Honor. In the reorganization after the war he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 109th Infantry, was Colonel in 1874, and Brigadier-General in 1880, commanding a cavalry brigade at Lyons in the Fourteenth Corps. It was with this rank that he came to the United States with the French mission at the Yorktown centenary.

We are now prepared to see that it is a combination of traits and circumstances that has gained General Boulanger his present celebrity. The disasters of the war with Germany had eclipsed many reputations, and with few exceptions it was to the rising generation of her general officers that France looked. One of these was Boulanger, and his record for wounds and gallantry was exceptionally creditable, so that when in 1882 an officer was wanted for duty at the Ministry of War as director of infantry under General Campenon, Boulanger was among the most available. His duties were performed with noticeable energy and industry, and having on one or two occasions to represent General Campenon in visiting the pupils of the St.-Maixent and La Flèche seminaries, his fervid addresses attracted attention. His promotion to the charge of a division as Major-General carried him in 1884 back to Tunis. But his career was already determined; for when the Brisson cabinet, with Campenon, went out, and the De Freycinet cabinet came in, Boulanger, in view of his useful previous service at the War Office, was taken into the new cabinet as Minister of War, Clémenceau urging his appointment. As War Minister, Boulanger's administrative ability, already noticed, found full scope. His energy attracted universal attention. At that time there was some revival of *la revanche* sentiment, and European politics and war prospects had also become very prominent. What distinguished Boulanger's administration was, first, the great variety and real importance of his army reforms, and secondly, his avowal of preparation for possible war, in place of the deprecations and excuses which had sometimes been in vogue. These two facts made his part in the cabinet the centre of attention. The technical reorganizations and changes introduced by him need not be recapitulated. Public sensations shared his routine duties, such as his treatment of the Orleans and Bonaparte officers, his duel with Baron de Larienty, his trouble with General Saussier, his establishment of military or garrison clubs, his plans for corps mobilization, and his proposed democratization of the army as far as expedient.

The Freycinet ministry was succeeded by the Goblet, and the fall of the latter carried Boulanger out of office to take command of the Thirteenth Corps at Clermont-Ferrand; but his departure from Paris was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. For many months he had been spoken of as "the man on horseback" who might one day rule France, and even Germany was excited by the stir his career was causing. Now, like Gambetta, he seemed more powerful out of the cabinet than any man in it. Presently the scandal as to the sale of Legion of Honor decorations startled France, and his enemies sought to connect him with it, the resulting popular reaction being in his favor. His endeavor to fight a duel with Ferry, who had spoken of him slightingly in public, enhanced his popularity. Early during the present year his adherents began to vote for him as Deputy to the Corps Législatif, although he was ineligible and refused the use of his name. But the government collected evidence that he was in complicity with these political movements, and had visited Paris in disguise. Boulanger denied the disguise, and declared that his journey had been undertaken to see his sick wife; but he was punished by being placed on the retired list. Here again circumstances favored him, for this severe penalty left him free, as a milder one would not have done, to accept the suffrages of his fellow-citizens; and he was at once overwhelmingly elected as Deputy, first from Dordogne, and then from the Department of the Nord, taking his seat April 19th.

Thus Boulanger looms up to-day a startling apparition on the horizon of European politics—the more vague and mysterious from the surprising rapidity of his growth as a force and a portent during the last two years, and especially from his latest demonstration of power over the French people. The leading traits that can be relied upon in him are energy, audacity, and ambition, the degree to which this last will be controlled by patriotism or scrupulousness being estimated in exactly opposite ways by his friends and his enemies. As a leader, confining himself thus far to standing as a protest against existing things, and not risking a constructive policy, he concentrates various elements of discontent. His luck, his "star," vaguely appeals to the hopes of glory. As a soldier he has shown his possession of abundant personal gallantry and instinct of aggressiveness, joined with exceptional administrative ability and power of eliciting enthusiasm. His capacity for the direction of the field operations of a large army, whether in the domain of strategy or tactics, has never as yet been put to the proof.



GENERAL BOULANGER.—From the Painting by Debat-Ponsan in the Salon of 1887.

DR. CORNELIUS R. AGNEW.

Painful interest attaches to the death of Dr. C. R. Agnew, not yet old, but for many years one of the most prominent and useful of our public men, and but a few days ago at the bedside of the deceased Senator Conkling, whom so many are now mourning. Himself a man of the most advanced medical and surgical knowledge, and his physicians the best the city could supply, he was nevertheless compelled to succumb.

Dr. Agnew was born in the city of New York, August 8, 1830. In his veins flowed Huguenot and Scotch-Irish blood. The name is well known in Scotland, and antedates the Huguenot dispersion; but the Huguenot origin has been claimed for the deceased doctor's name. An ancestor, it is understood, left France on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in the north of Ireland, in the neighborhood of Belfast, and connected himself with the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Agnew's grandfather came to America in 1786, and settled first in Philadelphia, coming afterward to New York, where he went into the commission business. He was succeeded by his son William, who carried on the business for many years, and became a prominent New York merchant. Dr. Agnew was the son of this William Agnew and of Elizabeth Thomson, a member of an old Scottish family settled in New York, in Franklin County, as early as 1771. After having had a good preliminary education in a private school, he entered Columbia College in 1845, and graduated in 1849. He afterward prosecuted his medical studies under the direction of Dr. J. Kearney Rogers, at that time and for many years one of New York's most distinguished physicians. He attended the regular course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and served in the New York Hospital. In 1852 he graduated; and after having acquired considerable experience as house surgeon in the New York Hospital, he went in 1854 to a place on the shore of Lake Superior, now known as Houghton, then a small mining settlement. Returning to New York, he was appointed surgeon to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but before entering upon his duties he went to Europe to complete his studies. He spent some time in visiting the hospitals of Dublin, London, and Paris, and among the leading physicians and surgeons at these different centres he formed several valuable and enduring friendships.

In 1855 he returned to America; and in addition to his duties connected with the Infirmary he went into general practice. In the following year he married a Miss Nash, who survives him, and is a member of the Board of Education. When the war broke out, and the United States Sanitary Commission was organized, Dr. Agnew became one of its most active and efficient members. He was one of the founders of the Union League Club, which in fact may be regarded as an offspring of the United States Sanitary Commission. In 1864, in consequence of the pressure of work, he resigned his position in the Eye and Ear Infirmary. He originated successfully the Ophthalmic Clinic in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1866, the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Infirmary in 1868, the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in 1869; and in the last-named year he was elected Clinical Professor of Eye and Ear Diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He became a trustee of the public schools in the same year, and in 1864 he took an active part in the organization of the School of Mines. He was for years a member of the Century Club; and in 1872 he was elected President of the Medical Society of the State of New York. He was an honorary member of most of the more prominent medical societies in both America and Europe, and he was widely known for his valuable contributions to medical literature, especially on eye and ear diseases.

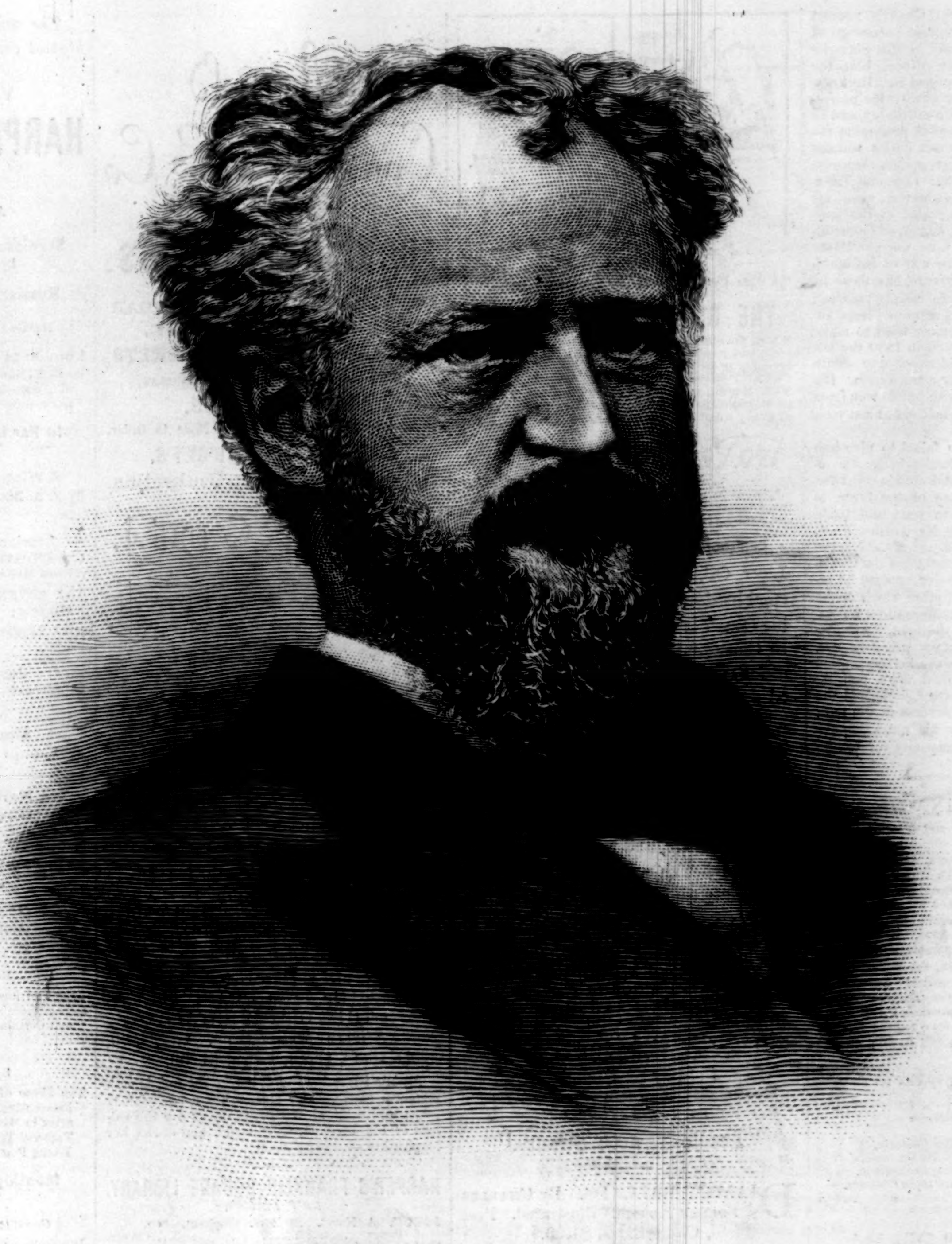
ROSCOE CONKLING.

There have been few public men in this country so conspicuous as Roscoe Conkling. From his early manhood until he resigned his Senatorship in 1881 he was in politics. He was born at Albany in 1828. His father, who was favorably known to the legal profession as the author of two very useful law books, was born at East Hampton, on Long Island, and was a Representative in the Seventeenth Congress. He was appointed by President John Quincy Adams Judge of the Northern District of New York. Roscoe Conkling was the younger son, his brother, Colonel Frederick A. Conkling, who was his colleague in the House of Representatives in the Thirty-seventh Congress, being the elder by twelve years. Neither of the brothers was educated at college, although their father was an alumnus of Union. Roscoe Conkling became a lawyer, and having gone to live at Utica in 1846, was elected District Attorney of Oneida County in 1849, when he was twenty-one years old. He had been a student in the law office of the Hon. Francis Kernan, who was afterward his colleague in the United States Senate. Mr. Conkling was a handsome, athletic young man, with a taste for poetry and oratory, and without a strong love for the dry bones of his profession. He was popular, and did his duty as District Attorney acceptably.

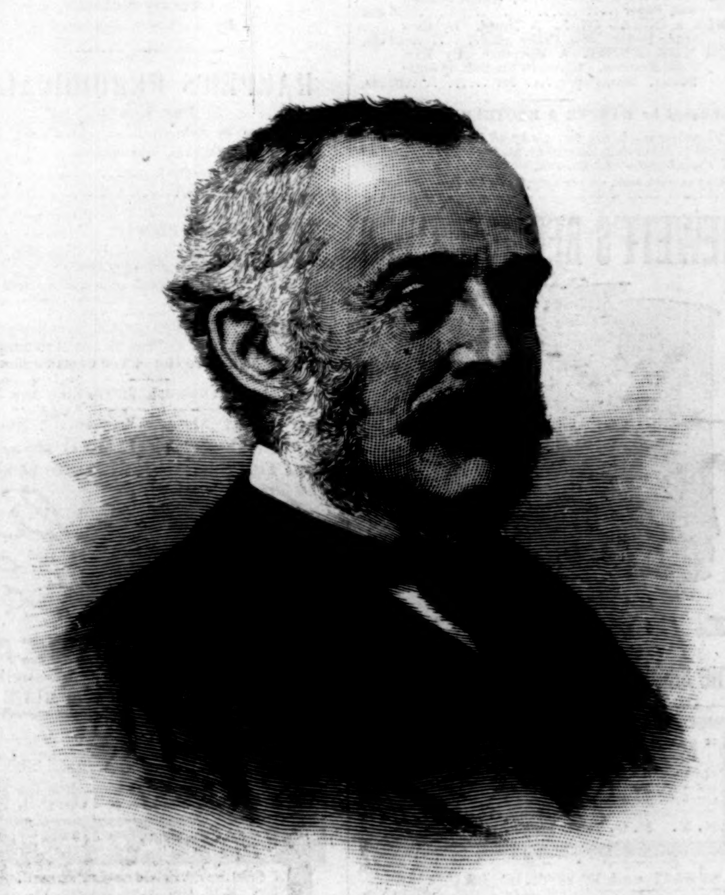
His fellow-townsmen believed in him, and in 1858, when he was thirty, he was made, first, Mayor of Utica, and then Representative of the district in the Thirty-sixth Congress. There was no question of his ability to take a leading position in Congress. Almost from the first, he was a commanding figure. He was young, strong, ambitious, and talented. He took part in the debates which preceded the resignation of members who represented the States which adopted ordinances of secession. As was his custom, the speeches that he made were of a character to arouse and imbitter his opponents. Even thus early in his career he had occasion to deny, on the floor, that he had challenged a Southern member of Congress to fight a duel. When the Southerners were quitting Congress there was a long debate on the "state of the Union," and Mr. Conkling made a speech characterized by the ornate rhetoric which afterward marked his efforts in the Senate. He never spared the feelings of his antagonists, and from his very first entrance into Congress he made enemies in both parties by his uncompromising manners. His reliance seemed to be entirely on his strength, and he had a very vigorous mind. His first valuable service as a legislator was rendered in behalf of Secretary Chase's fiscal scheme and Mr. Spaulding's National Bank act.

He was re-elected successively to the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, and Thirty-ninth Congresses, and served on the Committees of Ways and Means and Reconstruction. It was, however, as a speaker on questions of party politics that he was best known in Congress, and as a masterful politician in the country and the State. When he was thirty-nine years old, in 1867, he was chosen Senator, and at that time he was the strongest politician in New York. His training had been in practical politics, but his command did not rest upon the arts and wiles of the ordinary politician. It was by sheer strength that Mr. Conkling acquired ascendency in his party. In the first place, his speech-making talent gave him a following, which was greatly increased by his intense and unquestioning party loyalty. But the quality of leadership which helped him most was his adherence to the men who had espoused his cause. The captains of his tens and hundreds were never forgotten so long as they remained faithful to their leader's fortunes. Mr. Conkling not only saw that they were rewarded with offices, but some of the humblest of them became his friends and comrades. When there was the slightest wavering in their devotion to him, he visited upon them his bitterest wrath.

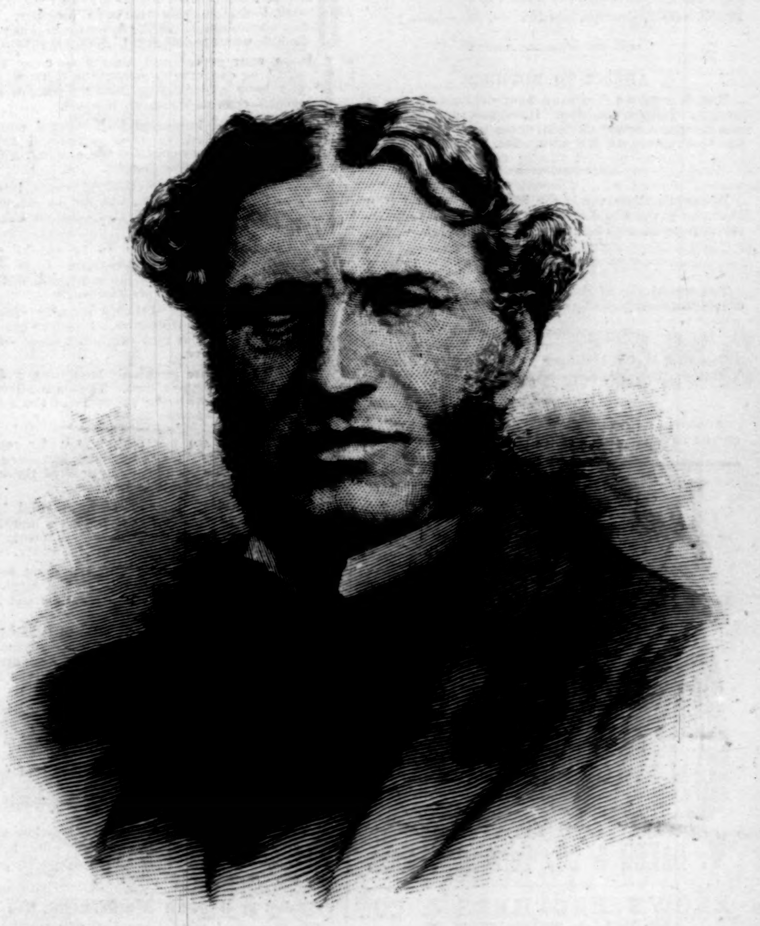
During his first years in



THE LATE ROSCOE CONKLING.



THE LATE CORNELIUS R. AGNEW, M.D.—[See Page 308.]



THE LATE MATTHEW ARNOLD.—[See Page 299.]

the Senate he was President **Grant**'s nearest friend. He controlled the federal patronage of New York, and gave the party in this State its complexion. General **Grant** offered him the Chief-Justiceship, and he declined it. He knew that he had not practised nor studied his profession sufficiently to fill the office creditably, and he honored his own and his father's profession too highly to undertake its highest duties without preparation. He was, however, greatly respected by the lawyers of the Senate. **Edmunds**, **Thurman**, **David Davis**, and **Carpenter** were his friends. His most intimate friend in the later years of his service was Mr. **Eaton**, of Connecticut; his bitterest enemies were the politicians of his party who stood in the way of his ambition. His speeches in the Senate, like those he had made in the House, were mainly political. They were strong, and always attracted large audiences. In 1876 General **Grant** tried to make Mr. **Conkling** his successor, and in 1880 the latter returned the favor by endeavoring to secure for his friend a nomination for a third term. His refusal to hold any relations with public men from whom he differed in personal matters at last took him out of public life.

When President **Garfield** failed to give him control of the New York Custom-house he resigned his seat in the Senate, taking his colleague with him, and the Legislature of the State, to which he appealed, refused to send him back. When **Garfield**'s death made Mr. **Arthur** President, the latter, who had assisted Mr. **Conkling** in his contest with his predecessor, lost the friendship of his old friend and leader because he refused to give him the cabinet office which he demanded. Later, Mr. **Arthur** offered him an Associate-Justiceship, which he declined. After he quitted public life, Mr. **Conkling** practised law, and devoted to his profession the tireless energy which he had before bestowed upon politics. Owing to his long political career, he lacked the training usually essential to success at the bar; but he made up for this by his extraordinary industry, and by an unusual capacity for taking cram.

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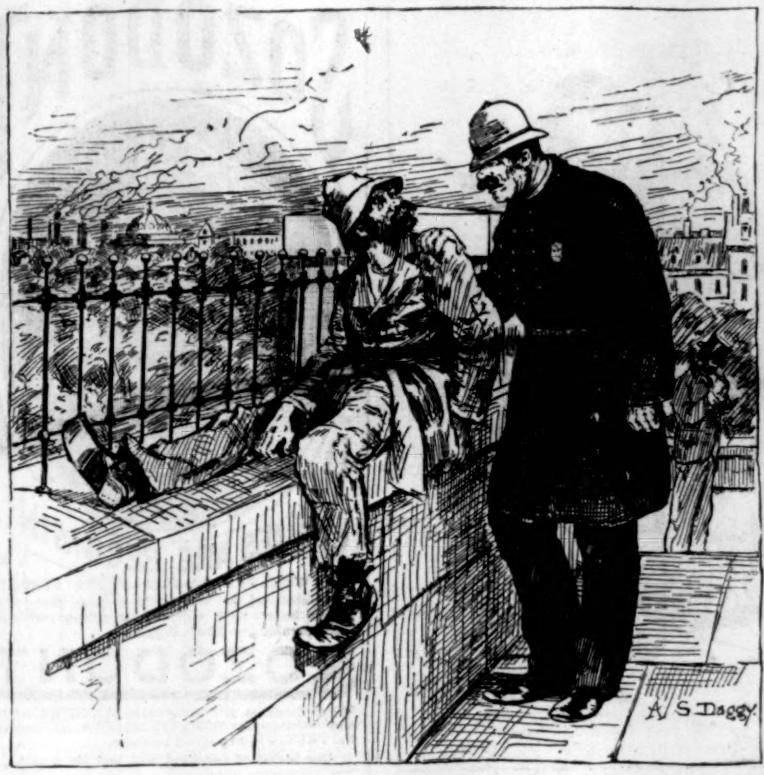
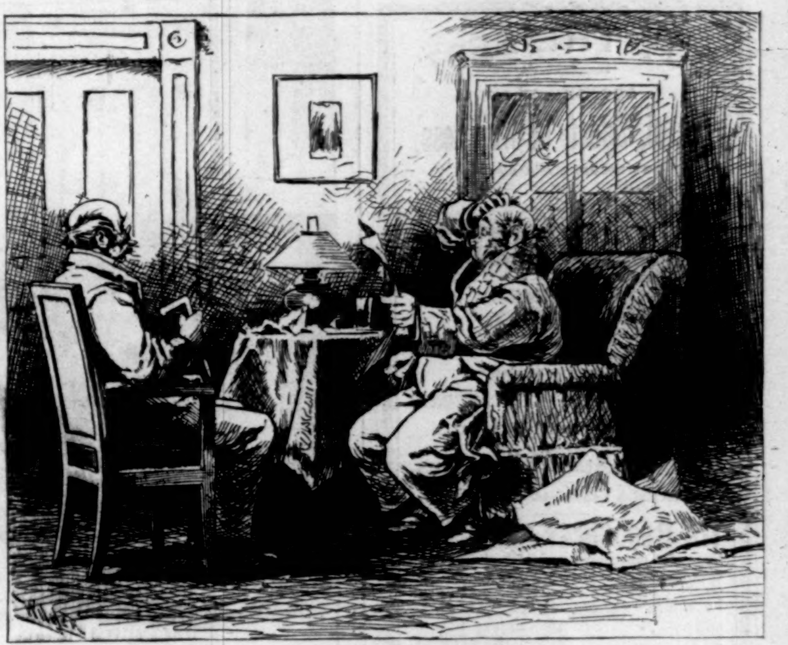


A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

POLICEMAN. "Here, ye dirty, low-down, lazy baste uf a loafer, git out uf this" (threateningly). "Ain't ye goin' to move?"

TRAMP. "Yer don't suppose I'm imperlite enough to git up and walk off while yer was still a-talking to me, do yer?"



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PATIENT (*looking over bill and turning white*). "Great Scott! doctor, was I as sick as all that?"

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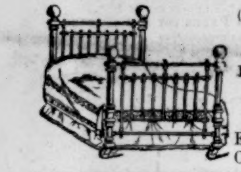

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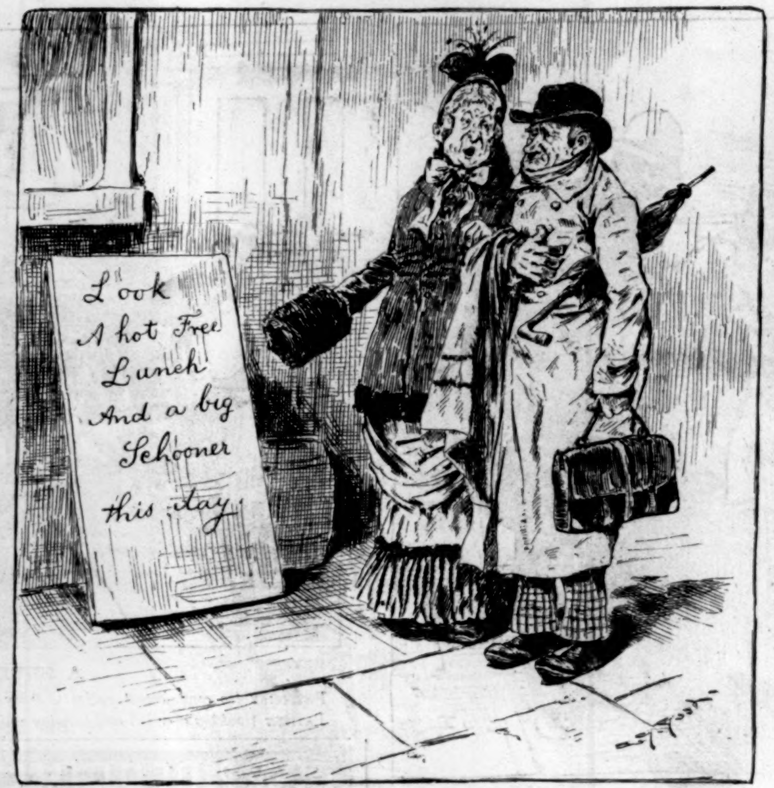

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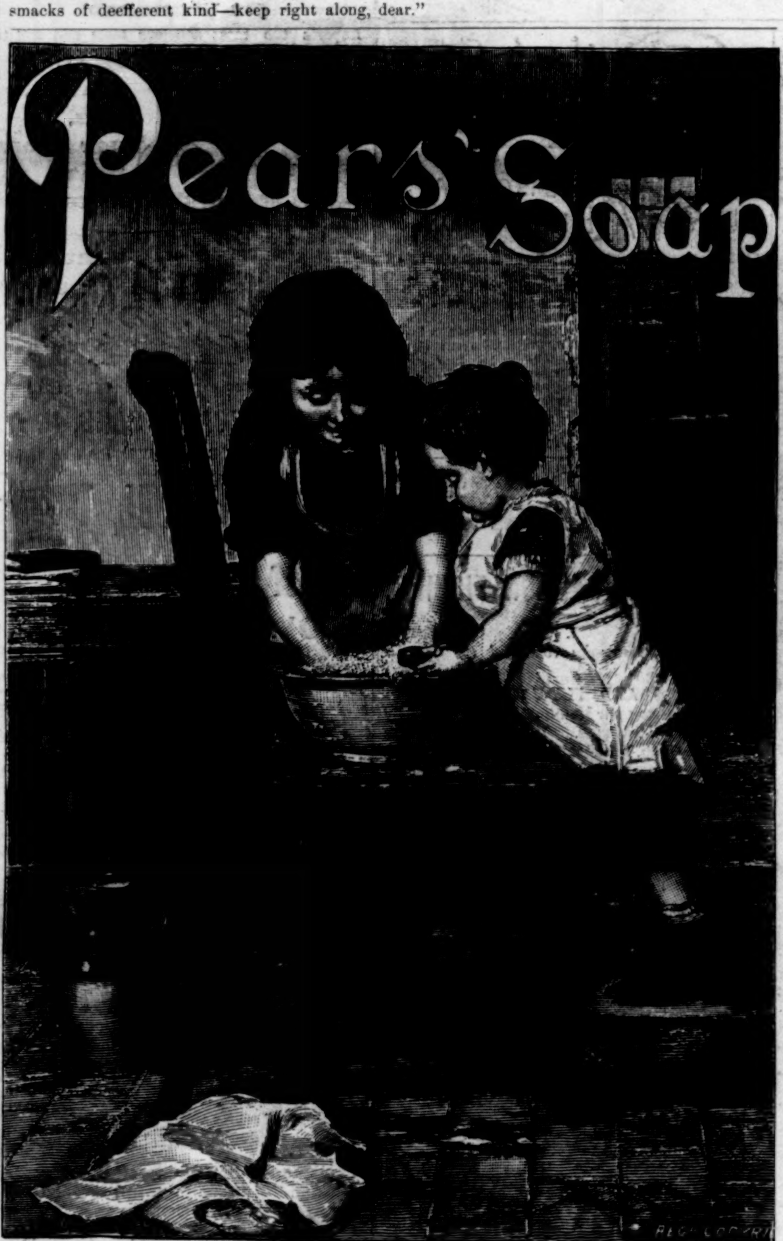

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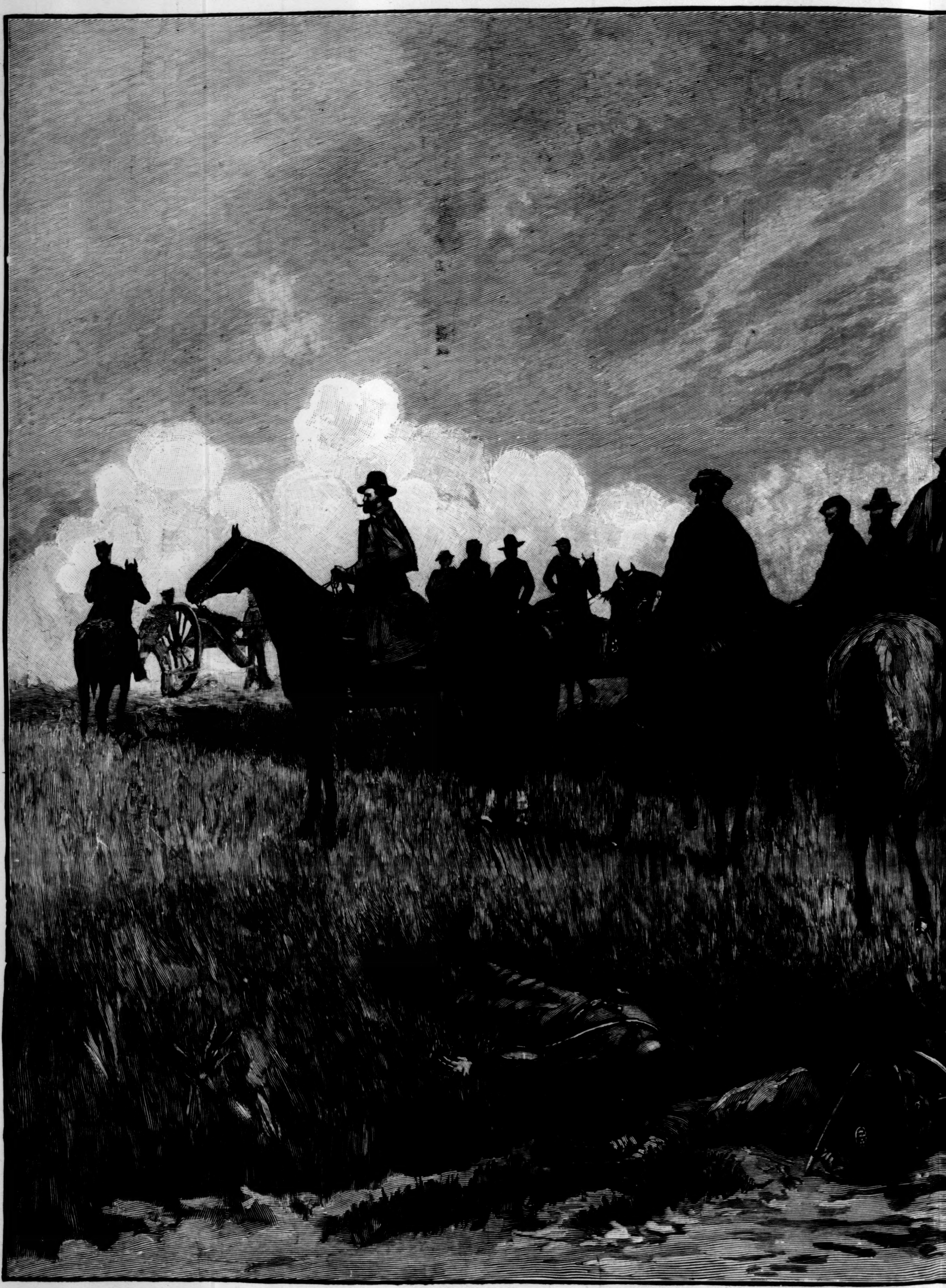

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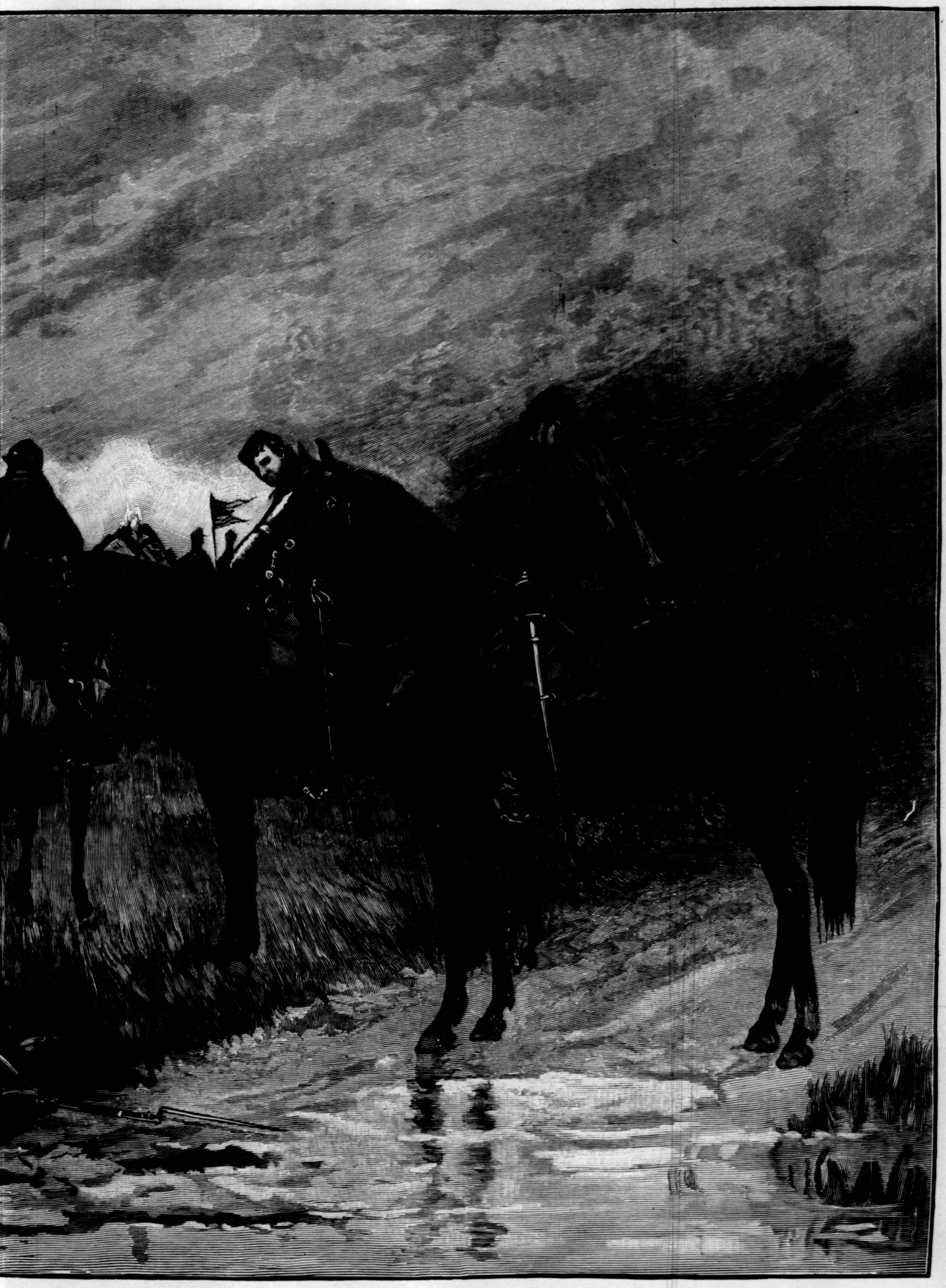

-Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 303.]